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Advocate of Industrial Unionism for the Working Class

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A VOICE FROM THE RANKS

BY E. J. FOOTE

The idea of industrialism as applied to the American labor movement today does not need defense in the mind of the working class; but the specific expression of this idea into a powerful labor organization does need the strongest and most persistent defense from the partisans of its practical application.

A theoretical fact has always a host of admirers, but when applied in contradistinction to the material interests of the cause of its existence, it immediately develops in the subject of its application, a stern and implacable resistance, generally expressed by equivocation or flat denial.

The Industrial Workers of the World ever since its inception has had to struggle, not only with the capitalist class and its craft organization of labor, but an internecine strife has prevailed on the inside of the organization that, had not industrial conditions forced its development, clarifying as it grew, it must surely have floundered on the shoals of internal strife and discord.

No other defense from a scientific standpoint is needed to justify the existence of this organization. As the logical development from capitalist industry, it has found expression—a correct expression—and is growing by leaps and bounds; nothing can retard it; every attack of the agencies of capitalism only serve to weld more firmly the industrial solidarity of the working class of this country and within this compact body is at the same time developing rapidly, the inherent class instinct of the proletariat, which consciousness is for the first time in history taking absolute possession of the movement to the consternation of the motley crowd of labor fakirs and political clowns who have for so long manipulated by underhand treachery and slyster bombast the subservience of the workers to further exploitation of capitalist beasts.

Far be it removed from me to imply that the mistakes of the past should be held against any set of individuals, for well I know that an error is only such when viewed in the light of clearer intelligence and that intelligence only comes to us as we grow in consciousness through the class struggle.

Considering the fact that our ideas, which

control our actions in capitalist society, flow from the workings of the social mechanisms, it is to be expected that we should be partially bourgeois and reactionary so long as the class lines are not clearly drawn; even to the extent of attempting to white wash and smear over the vicious struggle between the working class and their capitalist masters on the industrial field. Such a diversity of belief and actions as manifest in our organization however, seems to me incompatible to the general growth and solidarity of industrial unionism, and while granting that, developing conditions will force clearness in the organization, still, should we not seek to aid this clearness to an ever greater extent in our propaganda?

Perhaps the leading question in the world of militant labor today is, as to just what constitutes "Marxism." Whether a position is Marxian or not is the criterion of its tenability or unfitness and that is to say that dialectics are being applied to the body of labor and things called by their right names. "Scabs," "Fakirs" and "Labor Lieutenants" are being labeled and divided off into categories, catalogued as such by virtue not of their objective relations but by their integral subjective position in the working class movement.

This is made possible by the Marxian conception of bourgeois society called the materialistic conception, which views society as an organism made such by the production and exchange of commodities, modified or changed entirely by changes in the method of production of these commodities, and most important, that a social form never gives way until the new form that is to take its place has developed its class, whose material interests compel the destruction of the old forms to make way for the new.

This theory is repeated here solely for the purpose of clearing the way for a correct statement of working class or socialist economics and is necessary to any and all criticism of bourgeois society and cap-

italist economics, in side the labor movement.

This article is inspired by the position of one of the signers of the manifesto, as expressed in a recent issue of the New York Worker, in which the writer states clearly the position of the pure and simple political socialist, and because of the clear statement of this position this article is in no way a personal attack, but aims at a general rebuttal of what I believe to be a most pernicious, reactionary attitude in relation to working class economics.

Mr. A. M. Simons, in the May 26 issue of the New York Worker, asserts that:

"A labor union is a fighting organization of labor within capitalism. As such, it is valueless unless it is an expression of the society within which it must fight. * * *

"Industrialism has plenty of genuine merits to make its adoption a reason for sacrifices and the greatest exertions. It will make possible a more effective fighting for better conditions, at all points, and this is the only reason for the existence of labor organizations."

And after declaring that "All socialists admit that the time is now here for intelligent political action" he admits the possible usefulness of an economic organization by the following:

Will anyone deny that in case of any great struggle between capital and labor it would first be necessary to capture our own machinery from the hands of the enemy?

It is for these reasons that the author declares "I give my support to the Industrial Workers of the World."

Now, I submit that this is not the specific or general intent of the Industrial Workers of the World as expressed by its preamble; also, that if it was, conditions since its organization have given any such hog-wash the lie, and have repeatedly justified its revolutionary attitude along the line of correct Marxian tactics.

A labor organization must be more than an "Expression" of capitalist society; it must descend from the general to the specific and be an expression of the revolutionary proletariat fighting, not for better conditions which are impossible of attainment under capitalism, but for the entire abolition of the wage system, for the destruction of bourgeois society in toto, and this

is the only reason for the existence of a labor organization under capitalism.

It is Marxian to hold that the bourgeois state like all others, is the function for legalizing the exploitation of the working class; also, that the state is the expression of the most economically strong portion of the capitalist class. If this be correct, it follows that this state is unaccessible without economic power; applying this to the working class it likewise follows that the workers cannot gain political control until they have the power through an economic organization to "take and hold" the instruments of production.

Mr. Simons' statement then, that "all socialists admit that the time is now here for intelligent political action" only goes to show how learnedly ignorant are "all socialists" who hold to such ideological nonsense, (I quote Labriola) "which to understand is to leave behind."

I do not say this without a full concept of its import, but when Mr. Simons asserts that:

"I do not consider that the time is yet here when the party and the union should be organically connected, and European experience would seem to indicate that that time will never arrive."

The party of socialism claiming to be the expression of the revolutionary proletariat, advocating such reactionary politics, turns traitor to the working class and is only fit for association with Gompers' civic federalized capitalist job monopoly.

The question with "our leaders" of socialism does not hinge upon the successful outcome of the social revolution, but upon the petty material interest at stake. The question is, can the party use the industrial union? No! then it will not receive the party's support.

Well and good; the Industrial Workers of the World does not need and wisely refuses the endorsements proffered. "The tail shall not wag the dog." The shadow shall not govern the substance.

The political expression of the proletariat must flow from the revolutionary industrial organization of the working class.

Whatever expression comes from this class conscious organization is socialism. Socialism can be nothing but the conscious expression of the industrially organized proletariat.

Let others soar in mid-air, coining phrases for metaphors out of blue sky. We are solidly planted on our feet, engaged in the life and death struggle with our capitalist masters, willing and ready to use every weapon within our power, but we cannot afford to forsake our posts to chase political rainbows.

Private Property

This is what Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, wrote about private property:

"The manner of acquiring property in a state of nature is by occupancy—all other modes of transmitting or acquiring property are acts of positive and civil law, which laws prevent the property of the dead from reverting, as it otherwise would do in a state of nature, to the common stock."

"All laws of property must stand upon the foot of the general advantage, for a country belongs to its inhabitants; and in what proportions and by what rules its inhabitants are to own its property must be settled by the law; and the moment a fragment of the people set up rights as inherent in them and not founded upon the public good, plain absurdities follow, for laws of property are like all other laws, to be changed when the public good requires it."

"It would be well, indeed, that the owners of property in land or money from the largest to the smallest, should recognize that their title to the enjoyment of it must rest upon the same foundation, and that the mode and measure of their enjoyment of the common stock of the state, if it injures the state, cannot be defended and will no more be enforced by a free people than any other public mischief or nuisance."

THE MUDDLE AND HOW TO MEND IT

BY WM. GOELLER, JR.

If perchance the working class should happen through arbitration or otherwise force the owning class to pay a higher rate of wages, it would not better the conditions of the working class very much.

The owning class being the possessor of the land that was created for all, and likewise the owner and controller of the implements of production and distribution, and last but not least the owner and controller of the law-making and law-enforcing machinery of governments, it would simply raise the price on all the necessities of life, which quite naturally would cost the working class more to exist, and what the owning class paid more for wages, it would get back again through higher prices for rents, adulterated foods, shoddy clothing, etc. Therefore the working class must lose when it wins in this artificial and debauched system of society.

The EIGHTH duty is not to be envious of a fellow workingman's success, providing he does not deny his class. Furthermore, it is more elevating to possess broad ideas than narrow ones.

THEREFORE do not lose sight of the fact that your fellow workingman's contention for an existence is the same as your own in this dog-eat-dog society, which compels every man to look out for himself, while the devil takes the hindmost.

Do not lose patience with your fellow workingman if he does not immediately grasp the class conscious economic and political movements of the working class; stick to him like glue, load him up with the class conscious literature of the right kind, and you will get him to think and act on right lines sooner or later; in the meantime the owning class will put a few extra twitches in the chains that are holding him down in wage slavery and oppression, and that in itself is excellent propaganda, which helps the cause considerably.

The NINTH duty is to abstain from drinking intoxicating beverages as much as possible. The best of them are no good if used to excess, for they destroy the nerves, cloud the intellect and interfere with right thinking, which has a good deal to do with the miserable and down-trodden conditions of the working class and humanity collectively.

Beware of the company of jolly good fellows; they are jack-asses and fools, likewise slaves of drink, and have more unearned money than brains, and they take great pleasure in reducing others to the same debauched level as themselves. But these same, supposed to be good fellows sometimes have an object in spending money freely among the working class; as a rule the owning class does these supposed to be foolish things to enlist the good will of the working class, so it pays to beware of them.

It is no crime to take a good drink of wine or beer in moderation.

If you want a drink, take it, and pay for it yourself, then you will not be under any obligations to anyone, especially politicians, grafters, hand-shakers, etc., and you will not drink any more than what is good for you.

The TENTH duty, is not to join the police force, the militia, the army or navy, unless compelled to do so through the utmost necessity.

In the first place, no man has the divine or moral right to kill his fellowman. Secondly, by joining either of the above named

owning class organizations a workingman, in case of a physical conflict between his class and the owning class would be compelled to suppress and shoot down his own class, which would be committing an unpardonable act of treason to his class. Thirdly, the working class has all the hell it wants, struggling for an existence. Therefore, has no use for war with its added horrors, sufferings and reactions.

In case of war the working class loses, no matter what the outcome may be, FOR—in the first place, war is the creation of the owning class for more power and prestige. But, unfortunately, the working class does the fighting on both sides, and thereby sacrifices its life and liberty, while the owning class, the instigator of all cruel wars, laughs up its sleeve, as it stores away its blood-stained collateral, which is profit realized from corrupt deals and higher prices for the necessities of life during war times.

Trusting that the working class will see the error of its past and present economic and political affiliations by adhering strictly to the aforesaid ten duties as prescribed.

THE AWAKENING.

Written for "The Industrial Worker."

SOUL.

I'm starving and starving and starving to death!
I'm groping for room and I'm gasping for breath!
I'm pleading for life in a bountiful world,
To use, just a little, the wings that are furled!

BODY.

I'm bound to the wheels of a terrible car;
I'm broken and faint with the wound and the scar;
I've worked and I've worked through the days and the years,
And now, O my soul, I can give you but tears!

SOUL.

Our interdependence, my body, is this:
I drive you to death and you keep me from bliss!
I strive with the strength of infinite might
To light up the temple I hold for a night.

BODY.

The intricate threads of our destiny twined,
Entangled, and twisted, no hand can unwind;
And they who would save you and leave me to die
In wisdom's unwisdom are preaching a lie.

SOUL.

And why, in a world that is lavishly filled,
Should you, who are master of nature, be killed?
The fruit of the earth it was planted to give
The body the means that the spirit might live.

BODY.

The fruit is another's, the water and wine;—
In all of the earth there is nothing that's mine!
You ask me for bread and I give you a stone—
The emblem of all that the workers now own.

SOUL.

And why should we live like a beast in a pen
When labor is feeding the masters of men?
Awaken! Arise! With your brothers unite,
And march with the soul on the fortress of night!

BODY.

The preachers have told and the statesmen have said,
That he who dares touch it, that instant is dead;
I fear and I tremble—'twere better to die
Than prove that the priesthood had uttered a lie.

SOUL.

O fool in your folly! let be with such cries!
Unravel your brain and unfasten your eyes!
But use for a moment the gifts of the gods,
And shake from your shoulders the burden of clods!

BODY.

I see! O I see! What a wonderful place!
What a beautiful world! What an infinite space!
O soul of my soul!—O my brothers unite!
And march with the soul on the fortress of night!

SOUL.

The worker! The worker! He's risen at last!
The day is at hand and the darkness is past!
I'm fastened no more to a pitiful slave—
I'm master of earth and the lord of the grave!

—COVINGTON HALL.

Man of Quiet Power And Tested Courage

This story is not one of fiction; it is one of fact—a drama wherein the actors were of flesh and blood, the scene vividly real, the situation one of intensity.

It was inspired by an incident in connection with the Steubenberg arrest.

The location is Telluride, one of Colorado's greatest gold camps, and a town of some three thousand people, with as many more working people in the various mines throughout the district. The little city is comfortably nestled near the head of San Miguel valley, and it is but a few minutes' walk to the foot of the beautiful Bridal Veil falls, while those of Ingram and Cornet are always before the eye. It is a picturesque spot and one of surrounding natural beauty. Giant peaks covered with perpetual snow rear their majestic heads thousands of feet above the little vale.

For years it was all in all entitled to the happy patronymic of "Peaceful Valley." But with change of time, new people, new ideas, came revolutions in the old established order of things, and from the trying year of 1900 to the present the Telluride district has been largely noted for internal troubles, strife, turmoil and exciting events.

In these years some things happened in Telluride which challenged the laws of God and man, created contempt for constituted authority and the statutes, aroused dormant passions and inspired enmity in moral hearts, stirred evil minds, influenced sentiment, and infected some of the best men in the world with an absolute hatred for either the flag, country or constitution.

It was for a time an arena of industrial strife. The exact reason for this is inexplicable. Labor organizations and employers have been on amicable terms for years.

But one day there came a clash between the two factions on the contract system of handling ores in the great Smuggler-Union mine. The active period is a story of itself, and that memorable 3d of July is branded in letters of fire on the minds of those who moved through the fury of the day. The miners' union won the strike. It cost the lives of two or three men on each side. The sentiment of the community was with the miners, but thereafter was an undercurrent of feeling, of hatred in many respects, and the spirit of oppression seems to have been fostered from that incident.

Managers and union officials maintained a semblance of fairness on business transactions, but in some instances each knew the true feeling of the other. The president of the union, whom I will call Vint, was subjected to considerable secret attack. In performing the duties imposed upon him by the confidence of 3,000 men, he was compelled to visit one or another of the mines every day.

Notwithstanding mutual agreement, Vint was all but forbidden the Smuggler-Union premises, and from manager down to shift bosses he became a favorite theme for vilification, and doubtless Vint returned the sentiment with ardor.

This widening chasm between employer and employee grew. It undermined lifelong friendships and shattered many ideals. Social amenities were forgotten and relations were strained where common pleasantries ceased and street courtesies were obliterated.

Then a 'phone message came to town one day which horrified the entire populace. The writer was one of the first to receive the message, and soon the four-mile road east of the town was filled with running horses, carrying excited riders to the mine.

The mass of Smuggler-Union buildings at the mouth of the Bullion tunnel was afire, and four hundred and fifty men were entombed in the workings.

The panic and consternation was indescribable.

Men forgot their animosities in the mad ride to be upon the scene of terror. Horses were at a premium, and never were animals pushed to the utmost as in this wild scramble up two tortuous miles of mountain trail to the mine. Three horses had been provided for the writer, and the first few men on the ground witnessed a spectacle that caused the blood to run cold.

A great column of smoke was arising from the burning buildings, and owing to the draft, was pouring almost its entire column into the mouth of the Bullion tunnel.

The emotions of those who contemplated the possible fate of the entombed men caused gray hairs to come on that day.

Vint's black horse outdistanced all others. He grasped the situation at a glance.

Foreman Hutchinson, with twenty-five men, had hurried down from the Tomboy mine.

He saw Superintendent Edgar Collins and a handful of men in the futile attempt to extinguish the fire.

Most of the pipes were frozen up. It was November. The water would have been useless in any event. Water was not needed.

Smoke must be stopped from going into the tunnel.

But one man had come out that way, and, gasping for breath, stated the mine was about filled with smoke and gas.

It was a day of heroes.

Vint and Hutchinson, running to a burning building half filled with dynamite, took two boxes and ordered the men to remove the rest to a place of safety.

Rushing through the blinding smoke and into the tunnel mouth the two men deposited the open boxes of dynamite, and almost stifled, fixed the fuse, staggered out, moved the crowd back, applied the match, and got out of the way.

The white streak of smoke from the burning fuse as it ran through the darker blaze was watched by eager, silent men until it disappeared beyond the tunnel entrance.

An instant, then a deafening roar.

When the cloud of black became scattered it was seen that the shot had done its work.

The tunnel was blown in, and the smoke from the fire was rolling up the mountain side instead of into the flue filled with humanity.

It took eight minutes to accomplish this measure of safety, and it doubtless saved the lives of most of the miners, as the column of smoke was stopped, and it was soon learned that two hundred had gotten out through the Sheridan tunnel. Still there were others to be accounted for.

Nearly a mile distant smoke was seen issuing from the Union shaft. Shift Boss Hugh O'Neil had come up on the cage with one of his two companions dead. The other died later.

Thinking to find others, O'Neil again lowered the cage.

It was found a few minutes later half way up the shaft, at a station, and was raised.

O'Neil and two others were carried to bunk house. The two were dead, and while physicians labored for three hours, brave O'Neil was never revived and gave up his life in the noble attempt to save his fellow workers.

About fifty men remained unaccounted for. There was only one chance of reaching them. They were in the dark and smoke.

If they had been able to get near a shaft there was a bare possibility that there was sufficient air to keep them alive.

Only one way could the draft be increased.

Vint called for a volunteer to accompany him through an old Cimarron drift, which had been abandoned for twenty years. Men quailed at the proposition. It played with certain death. A misstep meant a fall through a space of hundreds of feet.

Timbers and rocks were crossed in the almost bottomless pit which had been worked out years before.

At the call, Edgar Collins, brother to Arthur L. Collins, manager of the Smuggler-Union, stepped to his side.

In the crisis the men laid aside their enmity and opposition on all things, to unite in the last vain hope of doing good. The bitterness and acrimony engendered by industrial strife and personal contact was eliminated for the instant, in the noble and heroic act of two men who were human above any else.

There are times when men will not even sacrifice prejudice in the trying hours.

But these were not the men.

A few yards below were the timeworn doors of the old Cimarron drift.

Procuring several feet of rope, Vint tied one end of it around Collins, the other about himself, and the men entered the dangerous bore, each carrying a candle which flittered in the ghastly darkness.

There was but a foot of walking space. Below was the blackness and awfulness of jagged space.

The two men moved cautiously. If a rotten timber should give way beneath his feet Vint figured that the man behind would hold him by the tightened rope.

Several curious people followed them for a hundred feet or so, but when loosened rocks were not heard to strike the bottom, cold sweat came to their foreheads and they went back with all avidity consistent with carefulness.

In the course of an hour and long after the expectant crowd had considered them lost, Vint and Collins came out of the tunnel, begrimed, covered with slime and hands torn and bleeding.

A great cheer went up from the people.

A beaming smile went across Vint's face, but never stopping he secured a number of men to go down the shaft with him to bring out the bodies.

He and Collins had accomplished breathing open the door at the end of the drift with great peril. On the other side of the door lay the bodies of three men who had asphyxiated.

It was a significant fact, commented on long afterward, that these three who were among the number that Vint had hazarded his life in hope of a possible rescue were men who had attempted his death and destruction only a few weeks previous.

But he made no distinction here. Not a tremor, not a suggestion of the fact was ever voiced by him.

The smoke having cleared out of the tunnel to some extent, and the fire extinguished, willing hands again reopened the Bullion tunnel.

Several who ventured in too soon were overcome by gas and were carried out.

But after a while they found six men who were working in a slope. They had died while at work and were laying as in sleep.

Another body was found in a tunnel, and his candle had burned longer than the spark of life. It had scorched his head.

Still another poor fellow had fallen down a mill-hole in his awful frenzy to escape.

So that, in all, we laid out twenty-six lifeless bodies of the unfortunates, who were trapped. It was a gruesome and pathetic spectacle to witness.

They had been called to their last home while at their daily occupation and in the grime and soil of their every-day work life.

The eyes of the crowd were centered upon Vint. He was tireless. He seemed a piece of human machinery fitted for the emergency. No sleep, no rest, until the thirty miles of underground workings of the Smuggler-Union had been searched.

His loyalty, bravery and great humanity on that occasion made a new character for him which still exists in the memory of a great many people.

A few days after the fire a funeral was held.

That was nearly six years ago, but today I can see the cortege. In the lead were two drays and on the drays sixteen caskets of the men who were buried there—the rest having been sent away.

A mile of carriages followed a procession of four thousand men walking four abreast.

At the head of this silent and somber cavalcade walked a little square-shouldered man with bowed head and deep expression in the gray eyes.

The man of quiet power and tested courage was Vint, the president of the union, the "Little Napoleon" of Colorado labor.

It was Vincent St. John, who was arrested in Burke the other day.—Charles G. Sumner, in Idaho Falls Post.

An Appeal For Votes That Failed

The business interests of Milwaukee will be safer in the hands of an administration made up of Social Democrats than they have been under republican and democratic administrations.

The talk that the Socialists would injure the City and the business interests of the city is all nonsense. It comes from those who are ignorant of the system of government under which we are living.

Why should I want to destroy the business interests and prosperity of the city when I am a taxpayer and own property in this city?

Our party believes in all things that are for the business life of the city.

We recognize and emphasize the necessity for encouraging and stimulating all legitimate business enterprises.

We want to co-operate to strengthen the business life of the city.

The Socialists, if they get into power, are not going to upset things.

—The foregoing paragraphs are extracts from a public speech by W. A. Arnold, candidate of the Social Democrats of Milwaukee for mayor in the spring election of 1906.

Push Out The Literature

During the next thirty days we want to push out 10,000 copies of Debs' three pamphlets on the old and the new unionism. Those pamphlets contain the three fine speeches by Eugene V. Debs, delivered in Chicago last November. They are entitled "Craft Unionism," "Class Unionism" and "Revolutionary Unionism." To get them going and doing the work of propaganda for which they are so admirably adapted, we will fill orders at 1 cent a copy, \$3.00 a hundred, or \$30.00 a thousand and prepay the cost of delivery. Send along your orders to Wm. E. Trautmann, 148 West Madison street, Chicago, and start something loose in your community.

THE GENERAL MOVEMENT

In the Summer Term

The new local unions chartered from June 21 to July 20—less than usual on account of the lassitude that accompanies hot weather—were as follows:

Brickmakers' Industrial Union, New Britain, Conn.; Industrial Workers' Union, Port Angeles, Wash.; Industrial Workers' Union, Fields Landing, Cal.; Industrial Workers' Union, Duluth, Minn.; Industrial Workers' Union, Binghamton, N. Y.; Industrial Workers' Union, Spring Valley, Ill.; Coopers and Binders' Industrial Union, South Omaha, Neb.; Industrial Workers' Union, Minneapolis, Minn.; Shoemakers' Industrial Union, Anacosta, Mont.; Porters and Bootblacks' Union, Butte, Mont.; Metal Workers' Industrial Union, Port Richmond, N. Y.; Electrical Workers' Industrial Union, Schenectady, N. Y.

Total new locals—12.
Total number of new local unions organized since July, 1905, 457, exclusive of Western Federation of Miners' locals.

A Valuable Record

The stenographic report of the Industrial Convention of 1905 is a valuable record; full of discussions on a variety of topics; a complete record of the proceedings of that convention. We will send a copy free to anyone forwarding ten yearly subscriptions and \$5.00 to *The Industrial Worker*. For the same number of subscriptions at 50¢ each, we also send "The Jungle." Take your choice; roll in the subs.

Yardoo, Orchard,

What has become of Orchard, the confessor? It is reported from Idaho that he is no longer in the state penitentiary. Visitors to the pen were told by guards that Orchard is not in the prison. What has become of him? Did he escape? Or was he conducted to the gate and told to skidoo? Is this the way the gang proposes to rid itself of a bad job? With the confessor out of the way, do the conspirators now plan to drop the case? Is Orchard in the penitentiary, if not, where is he?

Proposition to Affiliate

Local Union, No. 44, Brewers, Malsters and Coopers, of Denver, Colo., has proposed the following resolution for the next convention of the United Brewery Workmen, to be held at Toronto, September 9:

"Resolved, That the following questions are recommended to be submitted to the membership for referendum:

"1. That the International Union of United Brewery Workmen sever all connections with the American Federation of Labor, and
"2. Affiliate as a body with the Industrial Workers of the World."

Think It Should Be Changed

Editor *The Industrial Worker*:

I am instructed to send you the following resolution adopted by Local 92 of Portland, Oregon, to be published in *"The Industrial Worker"*:

"Resolved, That it is the opinion of Local 92, Portland, Oregon, that Article IX, Section 1, of the Constitution of Transportation Department of Industrial Workers of the World is foreign to the principle of industrial unionism and should be radically changed."

We think this section is American Federation of Labor rot.

Yours fraternally,
CHAS. MARTIN.
Portland, Ore.

Debs at St. Louis

Eugene V. Debs spoke at Riverside park, St. Louis, Sunday, July 29, under the auspices of the Industrial Workers of the World, in behalf of the Moyer-Haywood defense. He had an immense audience and, as usual, the closest attention. His speech, which was received with tremendous enthusiasm, was a plea for effective economic organization of the working class. Demanding the liberation of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, he said: "If we had organized one million class-conscious workers these men would be liberated. They would go to Idaho for that purpose, to free their brothers, and, if necessary, I would go with

them and lead them." Comrade Debs has at no time in his long and active career spoken to larger or more enthusiastic audiences than everywhere greet him this year. Such outpourings, whether at Industrial Workers of the World assemblages, socialist demonstrations or chautauqua gatherings, prove his growing power and popularity.

What For?

The Capital News of Boise, Idaho, on the morning of July 4th gave vent to the editorial exclamation: "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" What for? Why should we waste lung power in yelling for the anniversary of a day that means but little for the great mass of people who are groaning in the claims of corporate despotism? Does not the Capital News know that the "Declaration of Independence" was torn from the hands of millions of our subjects in the islands of the Pacific, and branded by our military Neros as a "seditious" document. Who among the privileged class, who own and control the functions of government, have any respect for the tradition that are connected with that anniversary known as "Independence Day?"

The Capital News might call on Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone in their prison cells, and ask them to thunder a few hurrahs in memory of the glorious day that has degenerated into a mockery of the liberties that were fought for in the days of '76. Washington and his contemporaries could they come back to earth and gaze upon the government they were instrumental in launching would yearn to cross the Atlantic and live under the banner of King Edward—Miners' Magazine.

Appeal from Toronto

Comrades and Fellow Workers: In the course of performing our duty as wage workers who recognize the necessity of carrying our propaganda of Industrial Unionism to the street corners, we have been holding meetings on the street corners. This has resulted in the class interests of our masters being set in motion against us through their minions the police, we being informed that our propaganda must cease; in other words, the boasted freedom which is said to be the birthright of free-born Britons is nothing but a delusion and a sham; it the wage worker is docile and remains dumb during his skimming by his masters he is a free-born Briton, but, if he realizes his class interests and endeavors to enlighten his fellow wage workers, it is not long before the class interests of the capitalist lets him know that that type of freedom is subversive of "law and order." Against this denial of our right, we as revolutionary wage workers intend to fight, and in order to fight money is required to carry it in the courts, and as the Industrial Workers of the World in this city are not strong enough financially to carry the burden alone, we appeal to the revolutionary working class of America to render the necessary aid towards asserting the right of the revolutionary working class of Canada to educate the members of their class. Comrades, a quick response is necessary. All moneys to be sent to C. A. V. Kemp, Bracondale P. O., Ontario, Can.

Fraternally yours,

TORONTO LOCALS, INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

Resolution from Oklahoma City

Whereas, Our brothers, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, have been spirited away from their homes and families at night and taken into another state for trial, under circumstances that are without precedent, and

Whereas, the treatment of these men and the prejudiced statements of officials and others, have given the whole affair the appearance of a foul conspiracy, on the part of the Western Mine Owners' Association and other capitalist corporations to use their power of government to murder these men in order to break up a class conscious organization of the working class, and

Whereas, Our brothers, officers of the Western Federation of Miners, have demanded the right of speedy trial, and are willing and anxious to prove their innocence to the world, which right has been denied them by the prosecution, knowing the weakness of its case, and

Whereas, The trial has been postponed by said prosecution can be compelled to let them prove their by denying right of bail.

We, the Industrial Workers of the World of Oklahoma City demand in the interest of the working class that these men, our brothers, be given an immediate trial or given their liberty, freed from all

charges, or are given bail until such time as the prosecution can be compelled to let them prove their innocence to the world.

A copy of these demands to be spread on the minutes and one sent to each of the following: President Roosevelt, Governor Gooding, of Idaho, and Judge Frank Smith, also a copy to be sent to the Miners' Magazine and *"The Industrial Worker"* for publication.

DELLA WEINSTEIN,
W. H. GARDNER,
ETHEL E. CARPENTER,
Committee.

Silver Bow Assembly

Butte, Mont., July 1, 1906.

To All Central Labor Bodies in the United States—Brothers: As you know, the trials of Charles H. Moyer, Wm. D. Haywood and George A. Pettibone for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, have been postponed until the United States Supreme court shall have acted upon their appeal to that body as to the legality of their being kidnaped from the state of Colorado into the state of Idaho.

When the trials were postponed by District Judge Frank J. Smith, of Caldwell, the defendants asked to be released on bonds, offering to give bail in any amount named by the court, but this was refused them, and it seems likely now that they will be confined for at least another half year, and possibly a year, before their trials will take place.

The prosecution admits that neither of these men were in Idaho at the time the murder was committed. Aside from the whim of the prosecution, which is in reality the Mine Owners' Association, there is no reason why they should suffer confinement for a year and a half awaiting trial for a crime of which nearly all the people of this country believe them innocent.

The loyalty of these men to the working class entitles them to the united support of the workers of the United States in a supreme effort to induce the judge in the case to admit them to bail pending a trial.

Therefore, the Silver Bow Trades and Labor Assembly, of Butte, Mont., appeals to every central labor body in the United States, regardless of affiliations, to set apart Sunday, August 5, 1906, for a general, united and direct demand of District Judge Frank J. Smith, of Caldwell, Idaho, to either give these men an immediate trial or to admit them to bail pending their trials.

Let every central body arrange a tremendous, roving mass meeting of working people for that day, and then and there adopt resolutions addressed to the district judge setting forth their wishes in the matter.

Consider the awful importance of this case, and let us for the time being forget everything else except our duty to these men and to the American labor movement, for which they have fought so valiantly for so many years, even at the risk of their lives and their liberty. Fraternally yours,

SILVER BOW TRADES AND LABOR ASSEMBLY.

JOHN McMULLEN, President.
O. M. PARTELOW, Secretary.

Butte Mill and Smeltersmen

Butte, Mont., June 23, 1906.

Hon. Frank Smith, Judge District Court, Caldwell, Idaho.

Dear Sir—Pursuant to the demand of Butte Mill and Smeltersmen's Union No. 74, we write you in reference to our incarcerated brothers, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

It is quite apparent, sir, that you have not judged all things by all things, and you have, undoubtedly, given up to individual and not public opinion.

In the whole history of irregular court proceedings it is impossible to find a parallel to the injustice as has, up to the present time, been meted to the above mentioned brothers.

We write you, sir, in the interest of not only ourselves and our brothers, but the whole of justice-seeking humanity. We ask, nay, we most emphatically demand, that our brothers be given the same opportunity of securing freedom as would a millionaire.

Your honor has on divers occasions put off the trial from time to time, directly contrary to all laws and precedents and especially contrary to the laws of the state of Idaho.

The prosecution has by voice and pen repeatedly declared that they have all evidence necessary to convict; if such is the case why not, in the name of all the gods of high Olympus, proceed to trial? We have anxiously and eagerly longed for the trial to come up, realizing as we do that if an honest and impartial trial be given that our brothers would be acquitted of the crime for which they are presumed to be held. But our expectations have never as yet been realized. First one pretext and then another has been offered by the prosecution, and really, the only re-

deemable feature of the whole case as conducted by the great commonwealth of Idaho is the fact that the great (?) sleuth McFarland has kept his traitorous mouth shut for a short time.

If your honor desires to make a name for yourself that will be recognized in the future as an honorable one, why not, in all fairness, give our brothers the same rights that the constitution guarantees to every man, viz., "a speedy trial," or if the prosecution needlessly neglects to proceed to trial, why not give the victims of executive plotting the right of bail?

In the name of over 2,000 members of this union we ask that your honor grant at least a small portion of that misnomer called justice and allow our brothers to be admitted to bail, you would at least gain the heartfelt thanks of the wives and children of these men, and you may again win the confidence and respect of the working people throughout the world. There will always be the scar; still the future may in a measure draw the gaze from that to a most honorable action.

Trusting you will give this due consideration and that you will not listen to the siren songs of our enemies, we remain,

Respectfully yours,
BUTTE MILL AND SMELTERMEN'S UNION 74.

Haywood Nominated

Bro. William D. Haywood, one of the signers of the industrial union manifesto, chairman of the convention at which the Industrial Workers of the World was organized, secretary of the Mining Department of this organization, and now a prisoner in an Idaho jail charged by Pinkerton hirelings and the Mine Owners' Associations with a crime of which he is innocent and they are themselves probably guilty, has been nominated by the Socialist party of Colorado for governor of that state and has formally accepted the nomination.

In a dispatch dated July 6, from Ada County jail, Boise, Idaho, Bro. Haywood responded to the notification in the following terms:

"I appreciate and accept the nomination by the Socialist party for governor of Colorado, not for the honor conferred but for the confidence assured. The campaign will be a sturdy fight for industrial liberty. I will lend what assistance an imprisoned man can, and will endeavor to resuscitate political freedom and constitutional liberty in the Centennial state. They are now on the capitalistic rack, being slowly but surely murdered by a perverted Supreme Court.

"Gabbertized capital must die that a free people may live! The demarcation of the class struggle is a chasm deepened, washed with tears and blood, which nothing less than the complete unrooting of a system that has disgraced, dishonored and debauched the state, can abolish! NO COMPROMISE! The working class in Colorado will unite: say: 'There is nothing in arbitration!'

He Turned Deputy Sheriff

The following resolutions were adopted by Bingham (Utah) Industrial Union No. 93:

Whereas, The struggle for the improvement of conditions of the working class is ever in our mind; Whereas, Bingham Industrial Union, No. 93, watched keenly the fight which was being waged between the capitalist class and the producing class at Garfield, Utah, and

Whereas, The demands of the workers consisted of a living wage scale only, and in this had the moral and financial support of this union;

Whereas, A former member of the Western Federation of Miners by name of C. D. Coates discontinued his honest pursuits of livelihood and volunteered his services as a special deputy sheriff for the purpose of subduing this working class, which only asks at all times for their rights and justice, be it

Resolved, That we deplore and condemn the step taken by this deputy; not alone has he by this act brought injury to the men at Garfield, but to every wage slave in the world. However, we sincerely hope that in the future his sons and daughters may escape the bullpen and the bullet which their father was ready to hand out to the toilers.

In this we are sincere, for his children are innocent and they might have to suffer in wage slavery, which their father supports so well. Be it further,

Resolved, That we stamp this act with the utmost contempt and hope that every worker will voice our sentiment, whether he may belong to some union or not.

One of the fundamental principles upon which we place the greatest importance is: "An injury to one is an injury to all," and we will ever remember this act.

BINGHAM INDUSTRIAL UNION, NO. 93.
PETER STEINER,
GEO. SCHLESINGER,
PHIL. M. RALEIGH,
Committee.

On the Pacific Coast

The sailors' strike on the Pacific coast, though it has cost lives, though it has caused hardships and sufferings, has taught thousands of workers the power of Industrial Unionism. The noble conduct of the sawmill workers and woodsmen in Crescent City, where the workers are solidly organized in the Industrial Workers of the World, merits the approval of all intelligent wage earners. Our Industrial Workers of the World men refused to assist the capitalists to defeat the sailors, and as a result Hobbs, Wall & Co. conceded the demands of the sailors, and the three boats carrying lumber from Crescent City are manned by union sailors.

Not only that lesson, but others have been forced upon the slow thinking wage earners. In parts of the coast men entirely unorganized have refused to work in the forests and lumber mills if scab crews manned the ships. While the "unorganized" and Industrial Workers of the World men are showing their true colors, the men in control of the conservative leaders of the American Federation of Labor are contributing directly to defeat of their brother wage workers. The "Citizens' Alliance" has used the sympathetic lockout as a weapon, locking out the longshoremen of San Francisco and other parts. Here in Eureka the longshoremen did not wait for the sympathetic lockout, but went out, refusing to load and unload the vessels.

Again, men entirely unorganized, working in the saw mills have been offered much more money if they would do the longshoremen's work. Numbers of men have been fired because they refused to be scabs. Many poor fellows without means of maintenance are now walking the streets, hungry and sorrowful; and what is the conduct of Macarthur, for whose "union" men are suffering?

First, there is a clause in the sailors' union constitution preventing such a thing as a "sympathetic strike," and now, while the battle rages, he has the gall to write this squib in the "Coast Seamen's Journal" of June 13th:

"If the sympathetic lockout is to be condoned by the public, it will become necessary for the latter to reconsider its judgment upon the sympathetic strike. For our own part, we are still of opinion that the sympathetic strike is a bad thing, and that it can't be made a good thing by the bad example of the Citizens' Alliance."

Well and good, Mr. Macarthur; you can repudiate men who are suffering because of their recognition of the principle that "an injury to one is an injury to all," but even sailors are now looking with fear on the Industrial Workers of the World, and before the smoke of this battle clears away, you, as well as other labor lieutenants of the capitalist class, will see around you a spirit of class solidarity that will swamp you and your kind.

The Industrial Workers of the World has not only got a foothold here, but is standing firm and we can foresee a grand militant movement of lumber workers and woodworkers generally that will ring clear—and that soon. Further, the northern coast of California is being saturated with Industrial Workers of the World literature. All our meetings are being well attended, and let us hope that speedily the day will dawn when the workers triumph, because of and despite their enemies in and outside of the labor movement.

Eureka, Cal.

To the Judge in the Case

Wichita, Kan., July 8, 1906.

Judge Frank J. Smith, Caldwell, Idaho.

Sir:—We, the members of Wichita Local Union, No. 205, of the Industrial Workers of the World, do here and now most respectfully ask you in the name of justice and common sense, and in the name of that stately goddess of Liberty that shines like a star over the eastern gateway of our fair land, that you release on bond those innocent men, Chas. H. Moyer, Wm. D. Haywood and Geo. A. Pettibone, or else proceed at once to give them a fair trial.

We believe, sir, that we voice the prevailing sentiment of the working men and women of these states, and of the world, regardless of other affiliations, when we emphatically denounce the grossly unjust and inhuman treatment of these brave men at the hands of the capitalist courts of Idaho and Colorado, since the beginning of the mine owners' conspiracy against them. And especially do we denounce in unmeasured terms this last indignity these men, "under false imprisonment," have received, sir, at your hands, by your not according them an immediate trial, or granting them the privilege that every loyal American citizen should have under our flag in such cases; the privilege of giving a good and sufficient bond for their appearance, wherever and whenever it might please the majesty of your court to grant them a trial.

Remember, Judge, that you and your consanguines in the West are now making history, and that your treatment of these men, and your treatment through them of the grand federation of workers they so worthily represent, will be recorded there in due

time. Beware, sir, lest in your action in their case a page may go down that your children in the very near future may blush for your sake to see written there.

With all this before you, Judge, we beseech you to show to a wondering world that you, at least, as one of the "dispensers with justice" in this land of the free (?) have red—(not "blue blood") coursing through your veins, and immediately grant these much-abused prisoners all that is in your power to grant them, to the end that they may have a speedy trial at your hands, or an immediate release on bail in accordance with that "law and order" and the boasted "liberty" that we expend millions of dollars and thousands of lives every Fourth of July to celebrate. Yours respectfully,
LOCAL UNION NO. 205, INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.

Work of Labor Lieutenants of Capitalism

Oklahoma City is subject to witness the queer ways of craft unions, as run per American Federation of Labor, which shows its kindred spirit wherever it shows its face; an utter selfishness in its crafts regardless of the harm to the working class as a whole. Wherever it shows its face it shows its tendency to scab, and when nothing else is available it scabs against itself.

Recently a portion of the packing house burned at this place. A foreman favorable to the Industrial Workers of the World got the contract to rebuild it. It was a ten-hour job, so American Federation of Labor men could not work on it. The foreman employed Industrial Workers of the World men belonging to the mixed local, and non-union men. Immediately they began to organize to demand an eight-hour day. At the same time the men, with the assistance of the foreman, were agitating to organize the men employed in the packing establishment, as they were unorganized, and the conditions and hours were terrible, as only packing house conditions can be. The superintendent picked a fight with the foreman, then got the manager to fire him, but as soon as the trouble began the men quit work; walked out, demanding the eight-hour day.

The manager on Saturday evening said their demand would be granted and for them to come back Monday morning to work. In the meantime the American Federation of Labor, hearing it was to be made an eight-hour day, went to the manager, got the contract, and when the Industrial Workers of the World men appeared for work were told to hit the high places, as they were scabs, and that they could not recognize them. Honest and intelligent working men, WHO are the scabs?

This is not all of their scabbiness. A Chautauqua is to be held July 22d to 29th. Eugene V. Debs is to speak at it Sunday the 22d. Some of the management came to the socialist and Industrial Workers of the World men and asked them what support they would give to get Debs to come and speak at the Chautauqua. The reply was: "Not any—that is your affair, not ours. As individuals we will go to hear him; as organizations we will do absolutely nothing." Then an investigation was begun, and this is what we found: Each craft union sends a delegate to the Chamber of Commerce, and from there a representative is sent to affiliate with D. M. Papp and his crowd of union busters, the Manufacturers' Association. One Murphy, who is the delegate from the American Federation of Labor carpenters' union, was the man, that when resolutions in regard to the Moyer-Haywood affair were received and read jumped up at once and made a motion that they be tabled. This Chamber of Commerce has charge of the Chautauqua. The typographical union has its delegate in this chamber of prostitution, but was entirely ignorant of the fact that the advertising for the Chautauqua was to be done at a scab shop, where the union had been out on a strike since last January, unable to get their demands granted—until the Socialists and Industrial Workers of the World men informed them of it and told them that if they wanted to make a fight they would inform Brother Debs of the conditions, and that he would not come under the circumstances. After being duly "horrorified" they said that action would be immediately taken. A committee from the trades council (Oklahoma City Senate) went to the management, who explained to them that they were getting the printing done below cost, but some large posters (which the scab shop could not get out) would be turned over to a union shop to print. It is no wonder that such "brotherly love" defeats them; "brotherly love" for the bourgeois master.

The iniquities of the craft labor unions are never at an end. The capitalist Labor day is to be celebrated with all due pomp and ceremony, with the aid and help of the business men of the town and the railroads, who expect to use it as a means to advertise the town and put money in their pockets. Each year it is given out that a contention is on between a private park and a public park in which to hold the demonstration. The private park always wins out, and all are debauched who do not represent the business interests of the town.

Hail the day when labor unions see their unity of interests, and can dispense with the business management of the lying, thieving business barabaras that are a disgrace to civilization. The rank and file of the pure and simple will have to break the shell that confines them, quit being boss-ridden and join a revolutionary union, that appeals to class and not craft or graft, if they wish to assert their manhood as individuals and do themselves and class any permanent good.

Every Act Shows Their Innocence

In a report to the fourteenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, John H. Murphy, attorney for that department of the Industrial Workers of the World, says:

"I believe that to relate a couple of incidents before the arrest of Mr. Moyer, Mr. Haywood and Mr. Pettibone would not be out of place here. During the latter part of February my lungs were wasting away at such a rapid rate that the doctors and many friends urged me to seek a warmer climate or death would certainly be the result. I called Mr. Moyer and Mr. Haywood to the office and went over the legal work which I was then attending to on behalf of the organization, and they both joined in urging me to lose no time in getting to a warmer climate, stating that since all of the litigation in which the organization was interested could easily go over or be taken care of without much cost, and that inasmuch as there was nothing whatever of the character of new litigation in sight, or which they could in any way conceive of arising, there was no reason for my delaying the trip a single day. They were both in good spirits; there was nothing that seemed to be weighing upon their minds which they wanted to disclose to me. It can be truly said that their whole attitude was entirely different from that which would be expected of men whose hands were imbrued in the blood of a fellow being. Every action of theirs indicated that of men who had done and were doing their duty towards the state and their fellow men.

"Being so thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Moyer and Mr. Haywood in performing the work of the federation, I am in a position to know their sentiments respecting the observance of law and destruction of life and property better than the rank and file of the members, and may be pardoned for briefly adverting to them here.

"Toward officials who violated their oath of office and violated the law by injuring citizens of the state, they had more of a compassionate feeling than that of revenge, stating that such persons were generally to be pitied on account of their weakness in being deterred from performing their duties by that element of society who arrogantly invades the rights of others and forces officers of the state having the temporary administration of law to stultify themselves by serving Mammon rather than the state, and the only punishment which they sought to inflict upon such unfaithful officers was by political means to relegate them to private life; and in Colorado, as to those who had personally injured them, it was the only method of revenge they sought against them, and that they exercised the rights of citizens to boldly and openly do what was in their power to force such persons out of public office, is so well known to the membership generally and to the public that no comment upon either their methods or the success they achieved in this respect is necessary.

"They believe that all men had a God-given right to life, so much so that even the state itself, while properly exercising the right to punish individuals for an infraction of the law, should not for any offense prescribe death as a penalty.

"They believe that destruction of property should be condemned in an association of individuals; that property is the result and creation of labor and whether it is found in the hands of the laborer or the capitalist to destroy it is like the insane father destroying the life of his child. In short they believe that every organization, whether composed of laboring men or capitalists, should stay well within the law and be governed by the law, and that when an organization could no longer exist except by violating the laws of the state, then its usefulness had ceased and it should be crushed out of existence.

"While they recognize the harshness of a large number of statutes and of court decisions when applied to labor, yet they believe that the way to meet these faults is by the intelligent exercise of the franchise of the people and the putting into practice the principles of economics which would, in their judgment, eradicate the difficulties that environ men and society at the present time. Indeed, Mr. Haywood became so thoroughly imbued with the fact that it was by and through law that the laboring man could better his condition and become a tower of strength, that he had already begun the

systematic study of law, and, while only a few were aware of it, I had, a number of months ago, at his request, filed a certificate with the clerk of the Supreme Court of this state certifying to the fact that he had begun the study of law; and perhaps during all of the time that this foul plotting was going on against him, Mr. Haywood, instead of constructing bombs or familiarizing himself with explosives, was using all of his spare time in studying Blackstone, Cooley, Kent and the works of the masters in the law."

Amen, With an Amendment

While I have all due respect for Brother Unterman's opinions and for his standing in our movement, there are some thoughts of his in "The Industrial Worker" of June which I cannot endorse.

"You cannot overthrow the ruling class by a pure and simple industrial strike." Such an expression shows an utter disregard of the Industrial Workers of the World preamble, which says: "Until all the toilers come together . . . and take and hold that . . . through an economic organization," etc.

Is "a general industrial strike" part of the program of the Industrial Workers of the World? I sincerely hope not. Not to strike and starve ourselves into submission is our intent. Our last and trump card is not to "go out," but to "stay in" and "lock out" the capitalist masters.

Again he says: "The best way to encourage the ruling powers and render safe their attack on the elective rights of citizens would be to show how little some citizens care for their political rights." Talk about "citizens' rights" under capitalism! Capitalism, with all its hidden brutality, which crops out perennially in clubbing, bull-penning, kidnapping and hanging of innocent fathers, outraging and despoiling of faithful wives and mothers and maiming and crippling of their children! C-a-p-i-t-a-l-i-s-m, the very incarnation of all that's reckless, avaricious and fiendish in human nature!!!

No, if the working class as a class drop the corrupted, polluted and putrid tool of bourgeois office-mongers it—the ballot—will lose its significance. The ballot today means much, because of the universality with which it is accepted. The two old parties are vying with each other in rascality in their campaigns. Let not an organization which calls itself revolutionary stoop to such base tactics. A party worthy of the name revolutionary and Socialist steers clear of that cess-pool of modern iniquities—politics. A revolutionist, as much as he despises "business," as much more does the reeking slime of "politics" repulse him.

The capitalist class has granted the proletariat nothing. Every advance we have made has been where we seized the opportunity; the rulers were not consulted for "a grant."

Further on the brother states that " . . . their desire to curtail our political rights will grow to the extent that we show our political solidarity and determination." If this be true, as it undoubtedly is, let us examine it inversely. Would it not be true that, our refusal to develop "political" solidarity would diminish their desire to curtail "our political rights"? And what would result? It would mean the concentration of the revolutionary forces on the industrial field, where the final class struggle—the overthrow of King Capital and the triumph of the proletariat—would be ended, and properly so.

Again he says: "But the choice of weapons is not left with us." But it is. Because socialists choose to attack (sic) capitalism through a political party is no reason for saying that we, industrialists, are forced to take up the same "weapon." In fact, the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World and its rapid growth together with the simultaneous rapid decline of its "political counterparts" would indicate that the workers are shaking off this archaic and erroneous opinion. Generally speaking, we have the choice of weapons. The working class has chosen as its weapons, Knowledge and Wisdom. It has chosen the Industrial Workers of the World as the chariot which shall carry the coming Ben-Hur with his weapons to a victorious finish. The treacherous, dastardly, unscrupulous Messala will spill and be enmeshed in his own treachery, corruption and debauch.

Further on we find that Brother Unterman thinks that such isolated outbreaks have had appalling results for our class.

Quite the contrary! "Such isolated outbreaks" have furnished a full and varied field of precedence on which to base our actions in the present and future. Such inevitable outbreaks are and should be a boon to our class, however disastrous they may have proved to be for the individuals involved. I welcome an inevitable outbreak! Not merely because it is unavoidable, but because it teaches the proletariat as a class that the ways of the capitalist are not to be their ways; because it shows the futility of using armed force in a universal peace movement, and last but not least because it forces us to use vastly superior weapons—

Knowledge and Wisdom—through the Industrial Workers of the World.

I also, welcome the defeat of the socialists at the polls, because it will turn them to the straight and narrow path—Industrialism.

I welcome also the enforced idleness of the working class, because a day off without prospect of a job will set many of them thinking.

Use arms? By all means. Agitate, organize, educate. Don't give up! Turn your gatlings on ignorance! Send your skirmishers out with Krag-Jorgensen and smokeless powder for the labor fakir, religious fraud and all poisoners of stomach and mind!! Dare to be men; dare to claim your independence of capitalist domination, economic, judicial, political and pork-packing! Vive la Revolution!!

A. G. DEHLY,

Seattle, Wash.

Gum-Shoe Successful

Some months ago we declared in this paper that E. E. Clark, grand high chief of the noble order of ticket punchers, was conducting a gum-shoe hunt for a job on the Interstate Commerce Commission. His appointment the other day by Roosevelt confirmed the prediction then made. The "great labor leader" steps into a \$7,000 a year position (with perquisites) as a recognition of his eminent services to the enemies of labor. There seems, however, to be some doubt about the appointment being confirmed. It has been suggested by some busy-body that Clark is not competent, that his experience as a ticket puncher and grand chief has not fitted him for service in the freight department. The objection is altogether too trivial. His service to his masters in delivering the "freight" qualifies him beyond question.

The Laws Fail

There are children who toil and sweat and die when they might be saved for strong manhood and rich, tender motherhood. The law says such things shall not be, but the law, as we all know, often fails to make good.

It's a great, a solemn problem—this determination of the time when a boy becomes a man, when the responsibilities of the child equal or outweigh those of the parents. There must be such a time, of course. The injunction to "honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord, thy God giveth thee," was proclaimed long before the Master said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Therefore, just at starting, it is as well to know that in many states the laws governing the employment of children go as far as anything can go short of downright socialism and paternalism.—Raymond, in Chicago Tribune.

They Sat on Him

"And, gentlemen, of the jury, so say you all?" inquired the judge of a certain Arkansas circuit, after the verdict had been brought in.

"Well, the rest of us do, and I reckon I ort to," responded the smallest member of the assortment of peers. "You see, I originally differed with, or from, whichever is proper—the rest of these yere gentlemen; but they beat me all holler playin' checkers, downed me at mumblety peg, and then every one of 'em, when we wrestled, grab holts, to see which side, of the question was right, throwed me flat afd set on me. So, all thines considered, and keepin' to the agreement, I say, with the balance of 'em, that the prisoner at the bar—I sorter forgot what his name is—is guilty as charged."—Puck.

A young lawyer received a call from a farmer who was in need of legal advice. The lawyer looked up the statutes and told the farmer what he should do. "How much?" said the farmer.

"Well, let's call it \$3," said the lawyer. The farmer handed over a \$5 bill. The lawyer seemed embarrassed. After searching his pockets and the drawers of his desk, he rose to the occasion, and pocketed the bill as he reached for a digest.

"I guess, neighbor," he remarked as he resumed his seat, "I shall have to give you \$3 worth more of advice."

Bro. Al. Lingenfelter, a cigarmaker and member of Local 189, Industrial Workers of the World, at Peoria, Illinois, has been fined in the sum of \$50 by Cigarmakers' Local Union 118, of the Cigarmakers' International Union, of which he is also a member, for introducing a resolution on the Moyer-Haywood affair in the Industrial Workers of the World Local which the Cigarmakers' International Union local had turned down, and at the same time by resolution that was unanimously adopted denouncing the cowardly action of Local No. 118.

CORRESPONDENCE

National Committee Not Practical

To The Industrial Worker:

On the subject of "The Need of Presidents," I wish to state my opinion, which is as follows: The Socialist parties of the world do not have any presidents, and who will deny that they have got along and progressed very smoothly without them?

This international movement has proven that an organization can entirely eliminate that cumbersome load, which is seemingly more of a burden than of a help.

Now, it seems to me that in an organization like the Industrial Workers of the World a general secretary could and should be the highest officer of the general organization, and that departmental secretaries should be the highest officers of the industrial departments.

Whenever and wherever organizations are to be dealt with, the method used is, of course that of correspondence.

Now, since the general office deals with organizations, it follows that a general secretary is the real, the necessary and logical head of the general organization, and the only head that is necessary.

In the case of the industrial departments, again, correspondence is the medium used, so here also a departmental secretary is all that is really required.

But when we get down to a general executive board meeting, an industrial council or a local union, then here a chairman is of course necessary, because then INDIVIDUALS are dealt with, and not organizations.

Now, since it is a CHAIRMAN that is needed then, and not necessarily a president, why should not the presiding officer or chairman be even here elected at each meeting?

It is true there may be some objections to this latter proposition, but I doubt very much if the objections would outweigh the advantages of this method.

Now, the suggestion that a national committee could administer the affairs of the general organization is undoubtedly well meant, but I firmly believe that a national committee and a sub-committee would prove very unsatisfactory and bring no end of trouble and administrative squabbles.

What in my belief would be proper, the best, the most logical thing to do would be to have the general executive board to consist of all the different departmental secretaries, sitting at Chicago or wherever headquarters might be, in the same building with the general secretary.

Here are a few reasons why this should be adopted, though there are others:

1. Each department will have to have (sooner or later) a paid departmental secretary anyway.

2. It makes no difference where these sit, and hence may as well sit in the same city and same building as the general secretary.

3. A departmental secretary is naturally in closer touch with his department and its affairs than merely an executive board committeeman and thus more able to know the situation and needs of the department than otherwise.

4. By being in the same building with the general secretary it enables the latter to learn immediately and at a moment's notice the conditions of each department and thus the entire organization.

5. It saves all the expenses of time, mail, telegrams, risks, delays, between the secretaries and the general secretary.

6. It means a great saving of money for railroad fare by not having to send for a board member to attend a meeting.

7. It saves money by not having thirteen departmental secretaries and seven board members as well, who must all be paid.

8. It enables the board to meet entirely or completely and whenever the occasion requires and without any railroad expenses attached.

9. If seven can do better than one, fourteen can do better than seven.

It is, of course, understood that at first the board could not consist of the full number of secretaries, as some departments are perhaps not large enough to have a department secretary, and so this would necessitate the extending the board to its full quota as the work and size of the respective departments would progress.

ARTHUR A. DU PROZ.

Canton, Ohio.

As to the Label

Editor "The Industrial Worker":

In your July number is a document submitted to the delegates of the fourteenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, and it was unanimously adopted.

Now, with due consideration for the mental caliber of those who drew it up and those who passed favorably upon it, I cannot but believe they gave the subject but little thought. Of what real importance is the red label to the working class?

Is it not a fact that our label, or any label is first, last and all the time of real importance to the employer?

Is it not a fact that it is a charity of his business, by which he profits at the expense of the employers who are not so favored? Have we gone into the business of label selling?

Is it not a fact that by thus pitting the employer we favor against the one we do not favor, we pit his workers against other workers outside of our union?

Do we really stand for the working class or only a part of the working class?

And are we really preparing to wage a struggle against that great unorganized mass of our class outside of our union?

If this be the case, it would be far better for the working class if the Industrial Workers of the World had never come into being.

The label becomes a shield behind which the employer hides and by the aid of which he passes off inferior product, such as shoddy garments, adulterated foods, etc.

I say if we make a joss of our label we become inconsistent. Sixty odd labels or one is all the same; in the end it plainly spells fake.

We say in our preamble that we have nothing in common with our employers.

Yet here we are in convention assembled denying this and adopting or endorsing a thing from which we fondly hope to reap a mutual benefit (we and our employers).

Why, think but a moment, comrades; it is only another step to the civic federation.

If we do not soon check up, something will be doing that is beyond our present calculations.

It was folly for the first convention of the Industrial Workers of the World to adopt a label. At that convention you sowed the seed that is now bearing fruit; the bud has long since appeared and blossomed into a flower, a large red flower with the letters I. W. W. on it. We use it most now to decorate cigar boxes. Who knows, some day it may be on a box of potted ham and maggot!

The label always has, and ever will be an instrument of oppression of one class of workers against another, and the one who reaps the lion's share of benefit from the use of the label is the employer. This doctrine of the importance, almost sacredness of the "Red Label" in the Industrial Workers of the World, is one of the sure signs of degeneration of this organization. Just as soon as the label becomes of importance to the employer, it ceases to be of any benefit to the working class.

It is my fervent hope that the next convention will abolish the red label, which is only one of the many evils it will have to abolish, if this organization is to stand clearly for the working class.

B. S. FRAYNE.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The resolution which follows, from Local Union 316, Painters, Decorators and Paper-hangers, Sheboygan, Wis., was accompanied with a donation to the defense fund:

"Whereas, Local Union No. 316, of the Painters, Decorators and Paper-hangers, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, have been advised from time to time of the dastardly attempts of the capitalistic vultures and their lawless and criminal hirelings of the western states, and especially Colorado, to trample upon and destroy the rights and liberties of, to corruptly, wickedly and lawlessly charge with crimes committed by themselves, and by the corrupt use of money in the hands of corrupt and perjured villains, to kill and murder some of AMERICA'S GREATEST MEN, OUR HONEST, INDUSTRIAL BROTHER WORKMEN, and

Whereas, the arrest of our brothers, Charles H. Moyer, Wm. D. H. Haywood, and others has been brought about by the corrupt and wrongful

use of money of capitalists, and by fraud, conspiracy and perjury, in order to imprison or hang those innocent men, for their own hellish crimes and misdeeds, therefore be it—

"Resolved, that we extend to brothers, Moyer, Haywood and their associates our greatest sympathy in their gallant fight for life and liberty against those dreaded monsters, money, conspiracy and perjury, and we extend to them our most fond hopes that they will succeed in breaking the chains of bondage and go free to liberty in complete triumph over those debauchers of freedom and government, and be it further—

"Resolved that we pledge, to our brothers in their affliction, every aid and support, both moral and financial, which is possible for us to extend.

A KIDNAPER'S CONFESSION

Here is an extract from a letter written by Governor McDonald, of Colorado, to J. C. Lamb, Dryden, Mich., concerning the arrest of Moyer and Haywood:

"THE GOVERNORS OF THE VARIOUS STATES, AT A CONVENTION HELD SEVERAL YEARS AGO, ADOPTED RULES WHICH ARE MUCH MORE STRINGENT THAN THE UNITED STATES LAWS, AND WHICH ARE FOLLOWED BY MOST OF THE GOVERNORS, AND THIS STATE IS PARTICULAR THAT THESE RULES BE FOLLOWED IN ALL THEIR DETAILS."

Read it again! The governors of the states hold a meeting, not provided for by law, and "adopt rules," without reference to law; these "rules" are, he says, "much more stringent than the United States laws" and are followed in Colorado "in all their details." That is to say, the whim and caprice of the governors overrides the laws of the country; without the consent of the people and with entire disregard for the law-making bodies of the country, they agree to adopt rules and enforce them as individual autocrats. No political action required, you see; just an agreement among governors—the same governors who cant and prate about anarchy.

How the rest of the patriotic governors must despise McDonald for giving it away!

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

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INDUSTRIAL WORKER

Advocate of Industrial Unionism for the Working Class

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JOLIET, AUGUST, 1906.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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THE OUTRAGED MINERS

A part of a recent issue of the United Mine Workers' Journal that was not occupied with one of the sacred agreements by which the miners are gagged, bound and delivered to their masters, was devoted to a report to the effect that the Industrial Workers of the World had organizers in the Pennsylvania coal field, accompanied with a warning to Mitchell's "free" men in the pits. It is sufficient to say that this report is a falsehood. The Industrial Workers of the World has never sent organizers into the anthracite region. The truth of the matter is that Industrial Unionism is being discussed among and by the miners themselves, and this is a condition of things not to be tolerated. We suggest that an agreement be entered into between Mitchell and the operators of Pennsylvania that every miner caught discussing Industrial Unionism on his own doorstep be fined \$10.00—the money to be divided between the United Mine Workers officials and the operators' association.

If the United Mine Workers' Journal desires to give more space to the Industrial Workers of the World, we are prepared to furnish the points for a truthful report. On Sunday, July 8th, upon invitation from the coal miners in the Linton, Ind., district, the general secretary of the Industrial Workers of the World and the editor of this journal, visited that place and held a large meeting. It was a glorious day and the miners, with

their families, assembled in a beautiful grove near the town and for three hours listened eagerly to the two speakers. The speeches dealt with the fundamental things in the struggle of labor, the Colorado-Idaho outrage, attacked the present system of capitalist exploitation, exposed the absurdities of craft union organization and the rule of hypocritical leaders, and clearly set forth the principles and forms of a scientific working-class organization as it exists in the Industrial Workers of the World.

The addresses were listened to from beginning to end with an intense, absorbing interest. At the close the miners lingered on the grounds to ask questions and exchange views among themselves. In the evening they again gathered in small groups on the main street of the town and took up the question for further discussion.

What we learned from the intelligent and experienced miners of Linton, concerning the United Mine Workers, was enough. Enough to inspire every Industrial Worker with the determination to do his utmost to make Industrialists of these slaves of the pit and dupes of John Mitchell's auxiliary of the capitalist juggernaut of America.

The miners declare openly that they have no organization, yet they are forced to pay dues. What the dues are they are unable to decide, by reason of the check-off system; sometimes the mulet amounts to \$1.00 in two weeks; sometimes it runs as high as \$3.00. If, as occasionally happens, a man of some independence asks for an explanation, he fails to get it. For affirming his right to know why any certain amount is deducted he is called a "kicker," and becomes liable to the blacklist. There was a time, not long since, when a miner could not be summarily dismissed from employment without his comrades requiring to know the reason, and, no adequate cause being found, compelling his reinstatement. Now men are discharged arbitrarily and at any time, and the "union" is powerless. By gradual and insidious methods they have been reduced to the veriest automatons. Their mouths are closed. Silence and submission is their unhappy lot. Do they appeal by letter to their paid officials of the union, silence is again the rule—they get no response.

One miner, past fifty years of age, told of his experience with the United Mine Workers, of which he has been a "lemon" from the beginning of the organization. He has kept a complete account of the "juice" that has been squeezed from him in the last five years. In that time the amount that has gone from his individual earnings to the support of the United Mine Workers is \$200, or \$40 a year. The pay checks that we saw at Linton satisfied us that few, if any, pay less as their annual contribution to the machine at the head of which is the incomparable labor leader for whose coming a helpless world waited through centuries of darkness and despair.

Mitchell has claimed, we believe, that the United Mine Workers had 400,000 members. This number, paying a yearly average of \$40 into the treasury of the United Mine Workers, in five years would collectively be robbed: (that's what the miners themselves call it, mark you), in the enormous sum of \$80,000,000! And what have the miners had in return? Well, Mitchell says the union has been "recognized!" If that is so, then the miners appear to have paid dearly for the "recognition." The naked truth of the matter is that they have paid this monstrous tribute for the privilege of seeing the effectiveness of the United Mine Workers destroyed as a labor organization. It has

ceased to be a labor organization. It now fines its members \$10 for refusing to work for capitalists. It divides the money collected with capitalists. It is a capitalistic institution supported, as all useless institutions of the present order are supported, by slaves.

A SOCIALIST ORACLE

The Social Democratic Herald, the semi-capitalistic sheet of Milwaukee, pledged, when socialists get into power, not to "disturb" the "business interests" of that city, has a standing slur in its columns, with asinine variations, upon the Industrial Workers of the World, a bona fide revolutionary labor organization for which, of course, such a milk-and-water organ has no use. The slur in question usually consists of about three parts of stupidity, two of thick wit and the rest in equal parts of malignity and falsehood.

Boss Berger and his man Friday (and every other day in the week), Heath, do not like the Industrial Workers; and it should be said in all frankness that there is no love lost between them. Editor Heath is against the Industrial Workers because Berger is, and Berger is against us for the same reason (but on a more limited territorial scale) that Gompers is. Berger is the Boss of the Social Democrats of Milwaukee—with a capital B. Berger cracks the whip and everybody performs according to his whims and caprices. But the rank and file will soon have their innings; some day there will be a revolt against boss rule in Milwaukee. This is a prediction; make a note of it!

Berger, speaking through Heath, is in the habit of saying that those members of the Socialist party who are friendly to the Industrial Workers, are "daffy," not "grounded" in the fundamentals of socialism, and weak-minded and contemptible generally, and this, too, in spite of the fact that at least as many of the party members are in favor of the Industrial Workers as are supporting the American Federation of Labor.

Of course everybody is "daffy" who disagrees with Berger. That is the infallible Berger standard. Anyone who does not conform to it is "poorly grounded" in economics. Only Berger is sane; only Berger is sound; only Berger is strong-minded; only Berger and those who shout amen to his roar are grounded in economics. All others should be made to understand that only Berger is infallible, or be driven out of the Socialist Party. If they have an idea above a lobster and Berger gets next to it, look out. If they object to socialists supporting capitalist candidates, or foolishly imagine that the "business interests" of the country will be "disturbed" when socialists get into power, then they are *verdammt Schafsköpfe*. For having any idea on any subject in conflict with the cut-and-dried and emasculated program of the Sozial-Demokratischen boss of Milwaukee, is sufficient to require the most contrite apologies or incur the boss' direst displeasure.

Berger would be the high-cockalorum in the trade union movement; he has been aiming at that distinction for years; but what business he has in it at all no one has yet been able to find out. Berger is not and has not been in any sense a wage-worker. He simply wormed his way into a trade union on a technical qualification and now sets himself up as the chief high priest, professing infallibility upon everything that relates to trade unionism.

Men who have belonged to trade unions

all their enough to Milwaukee. B. Civic-fel America's preme, o ent, etern don't sett The In fortunate dorsemen cial Demc character Labor an ment in s waxes str the old la waukee s its armor back.

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The "symposium" on Industrial Unionism started by The Worker of New York, which we were assured, when our contribution was solicited, was to be conducted on a high plane, has descended to the bog of buffoonery and drags itself out in the cheap ridicule of the clown—as witness Ben Hanford's performance in the "organ of the Socialist Party" of July 14. Hypocrisy is stamped all over it. Not to understand the Industrial Workers of the World is the writer's intention, and to prejudice others against it, by an abortive attempt at ridiculing some of its supporters, is his purpose. The dishonesty of Hanford's yawp is shown when he gloats over a Socialist "getting defeated when he ran for office in a trade union," forgetting in his profound anxiety to contribute something brilliant to the "symposium" that to get elected to office in a trade union has been the distinctive mark and highest ambition of lots of "Socialists" for several years past. They still cling to the rotten American Federation of Labor in the hope that one day they may succeed the present occupants in office. But just now it looks as though Combers had them licked to a frazzle.

The Chicago Tribune, referring to the general strike in Russia, says, "If the strikers could get along without eating for a few weeks the boycotted government would have to surrender." The Tribune never thought of it, probably, but if the workers were properly organized there would be no necessity for them to get along without eating, even for a day. Properly organized, they could take possession of the sources of food supply and of the manufacturing, then eat all they needed while the other fellows went hungry. Then the government, along with the capitalists, the "great" middle class (for whose welfare the Tribune is so solicitous), and all the parasites who eat without producing, while the workers go hungry, would surrender and surrender for good. That's the sort of organization the working class needs—the only sort that will put the workers in possession of the wealth they create and force political tricksters and commercial robbers to get off their backs. When the workers allow no man behind a gun and no loafer to eat bread, democracy will be triumphant and the mere struggle to exist an end.

To the assinine suggestion of the Social Democratic Herald that the editor of "The Industrial Worker" is no longer a "loyal" member of the Socialist Party because, forsooth, he joined with others recently in a congratulatory telegram to the New York Daily People (on the attainment of its sixth anniversary), which paper has consistently and persistently supported the Industrial Workers of the World, our reply is that it is of no consequence. When the editors of the Herald can wipe out the record of their brutal and malicious treatment of Eugene V. Debs—the return of a bully for manifold kindnesses—then all other records of "brutal treatment" will disappear in a general rejoicing.

The legislative program of the American Federation of Labor political movement includes the eight-hour day, prohibition of the injunction in labor disputes, direct election of president, vice president, senators and judges, ownership and operation of all public utilities by the municipalities, the states, or the nation, and the establishment of municipal ice plants and slaughter houses. And Combers thinks about that much will do—now.

Glorious privilege! The agreement between the miners and operators of Michigan, signed June 26, provides that the miners shall have the right to choose their own doctor! This is one of the concessions wrung by agreement from the mine owners. What a glorious thing it is to be free and independent—and a member of Mitchell's union!

The conservative idiot who edits the Chicago Inter Ocean says that the "animating principle of Karl Marx Socialism is that private property is robbery." "No distinction," he says, "is made as to the kinds of property, or its amount, or its owners." However, there is a marked distinction between Editor Hissman and any intelligent student of Karl Marx.

When an organization of workmen has reached the stage where the members cry out against the business agents of the system as a curse, and a burden equal to any that capitalism imposes upon them, it is high time for the members to get out their hammers. That is the condition commonly prevailing among the old trade unions.

The machinists employed by the Denver & Rio Grande Railway are making progress backwards. They have signed a contract for a ten-hour day. They formerly worked nine hours. But then O'Connell and Combers can explain satisfactorily.

"Labor Is Entitled To All It Produces!"

CONVENTION CALL

To the Industrial Workers of the World:

Pursuant to a decision of the General Executive Board, and in accordance with a call supported by eighteen (18) local unions, the convention of the Industrial Workers of the World is hereby called for Monday, September 17, 1908, in the City of Chicago, Ill.

All the specifications regarding representation and hotel accommodations were embodied in the first call issued for the proposed convention in June. In response, many organizations elected delegates; many unions failed to elect delegates, awaiting the result of the last referendum on the proposition of again postponing the convention. Many of those having elected delegates would, perhaps, wish to annul the first election and proceed to elect other delegates.

The credentials issued with the first call are valid, only date need be changed. Unions not having received credentials and duplicates should immediately notify headquarters and they will be supplied.

Again we wish to emphasize that the representation at the convention is based on the national dues paid to the general organization for the last six months of each fiscal year. Since the convention dates have been changed, the General Executive Board has decided that the fiscal year terminate on August 1st. So the basis of representation will be determined by the dues paid between February 1 and July 31, 1908, for such organizations as are in existence for that length of time.

We need not urge upon the members of the Industrial Workers of the World the importance of this convention. A large attendance by delegates is expected. Fraternally yours,

CHAS. O. SHERMAN,
General President.

W. E. TRAUTMANN,
Gen'l Sec'y-Treas.

John Brisben Walker sent a report to the president clearing one packing firm, Swift & Co., from many of the charges made in the exposure, and the Chicago Tribune, at once announced that Walker "gives praise to packers," that he "defends the packers against the charges of which they have been the target," that he "praises the conditions at Chicago packing plants." It will be remembered that the Tribune accepted a thousand dollars a day for many days from the "packers" for running a page ad, during the investigation and action by Congress! Enuf sed.

By the way, we want to go on record as being decisively of the opinion that merely bandying epithets—a pastime to which some editors, who are not sure whether they are with or against the Industrial Workers of the World, devote their time almost without interruption—is not argument, nor good sense, nor anything but "bombastic" nonsense. Nobody is very greatly concerned with anything such editors may write.

The man of money gets a money fine when he violates the law. That is right; he has money. The man of muscle, or skill, gets the jail and the rock pile. And that is right, too; he has nothing but his labor power. Don't you see how beautifully everything works out under capitalism?

The Women's Auxiliary of the Industrial Workers of the World, at Globe, Ariz., is doing splendid work for the Moyer-Haywood defense. They not only protest but give and induce others to give. A draft for \$100, "their first installment," was received at headquarters July 30.

Child Shoe Workers

The contention of the Industrial Workers of the World all along has been that the old trade unions had been made subjective to capitalist or employing class interests. We have referred to the Civic-federationalized American Federation of Labor and because of these references many have felt that we were doing an injustice to the "peerless" leaders who have succeeded in making trades unionism an adjunct of capitalist interests. We have said that these old unions were, in the main, satisfactory to and endorsed by the employing class. In support of our position there constantly comes to light abundant evidence. The latest to be filed with us is a copy of a letter sent by John F. Tobin, president of the Boot and

Shoe Workers' Union, to "shoe manufacturers using the union stamp" of that organization. The document shows clearly enough that the boot and shoe workers' president consults the employers' wishes as to any proposed legislation the members may initiate. He directly asks for information as to what the attitude of the employers would be in case the members do certain things. Read Tobin's letter for yourself:

"To Shoe Manufacturers Using the Union Stamp:—Gentlemen:—You perhaps have noticed that some of our local unions are advocating certain amendments to our constitution and arbitration contract. For our information we would like to have your views upon the question as to what would be your attitude in case the following amendment is adopted: 'No stamp contract shall be issued for a term to exceed two years and shall not be issued or re-issued without being approved by the district council in which the factories are located, and that the rules governing the use of the union stamp shall contain a clause against reduction of wages during the existence of a contract.'

"This legislation is intended to be substituted for the present plan which our general executive board has authority to renew contracts and under which wages may be negotiated between the employer and the union for either reduction or increase. A reply at your earliest convenience will greatly oblige.

"Yours respectfully,
"JOHN F. TOBIN,
"General President."

In this connection we desire to put a few questions to President Tobin:

1. Is it not true that children are employed in shoe factories using the union stamp?
2. Is it not true that children pay dues to your organization at the rate of 25 cents a week?
3. Are there not children (small girls) employed in factories using your union stamp, who are paid 50 cents a day, and are compelled dues to you at the rate of 25 cents a week, or \$13 a year?
4. Can you and do you deny that in a certain factory in a western community, one young lad who was made a member of your union last April, has a card of your union filled with 25-cent dues stamps, and that your union took from this boy's beggarly pay 25 cents every week?
5. Does not your union encourage child labor—the coinage into profit of the lives of those who should be given a chance to grow and to learn?

THE LABORER IN PACKINGTOWN

In the hubbub over the unsanitary methods in the preparation of packing-house products, Upton Sinclair complains, public attention has entirely neglected the "wage-slave," as he calls him, the immigrant, the laborer whose lot in Packingtown is by all accounts a hard one. His main purpose, Mr. Sinclair says in an article in the New York Evening World, was not to expose "the condemned meat industry," but rather to "make the average American sympathize with the story of the foreign-born wage slave in Packingtown." "I do not wish to be ungracious," he adds, "but I fear that 'The Jungle' would have been much longer in doing its work had its appeal been simply to the hearts and consciences of its readers and not at all to their stomachs." He goes on:

"And yet we are tied up in the same country with these strangers, and their fate is our fate; the way our country goes in the future depends upon what opportunities and what life we give them. They are coming here at the rate of 1,000,000 a year, and if we think that we can allow them to be beaten and degraded without limit, and not pay a fearful penalty to it ourselves, we make a great mistake."

"The whole country is at this moment struggling against the power of the trusts. You yourself are suffering from their encroachments and are fighting to free yourself. And it is the power of the political machine which holds you down; and the power of the machine is founded upon the foreign vote, which is bought."

"About twelve years ago old P. D. Armour, at the close of a great strike, had declared with an oath that he would fix the population of Packingtown so that it would never call a strike upon him again; and so he had set his agents at work to bring out hordes of emigrants from Eastern Europe—Lithuanians, Poles, Bohemians and Slovaks. I met dozens of men who had come as a direct result of his endeavor. Strangers had come to their village—men who spoke their own language and were familiar with their ideas, and who told wonderful tales about free America and about the great packing factories and the tremendous wages that were paid there. One could get over for almost nothing, for arrangements had been made with the steamship company, and so they had sold out all that they owned and come, sometimes whole families of them, sometimes half a dozen families from a single village. They had poured into packingtown, one swarm after another; and as a result old P. D. Armour had had all the labor he could use and had beaten down wages to the starvation point and made himself one of the richest men in America and his son one of the half-dozen masters of the destiny of the American people."

These ignorant strangers, he adds, "had been plundered from the moment they left their native village." On every hand they are cheated and preyed upon by grafters, real estate sharks and what not. Mr. Sinclair condensed a section of "The Jungle," showing how houses are sold to immigrants on the installment plan and then taken from them, after hundreds of dollars have been paid in, for inability to pay an installment at a certain time. He continues:

"The typical tenement house in Packingtown is a two-story frame building having four small rooms on a floor. A floor will be rented by a family, which will then take in boarders to help make expenses. Single men, of whom there are large numbers, occasionally rent a flat for themselves. Most of the Poles and Slavs with whom I talked said that they were saving up money to get away from America because the work was too hard for them to stand. They live sometimes as many as thirteen in a room, renting a room and employing a woman to cook for them cooperatively. They have mattresses spread on the floor, covered with blankets which are never changed until they wear out; and frequently the same mattress is owned by a day man and a night man, and thus never gets a chance to get cold. The filth and vermin in these rooms are, of course, beyond any words; and, needless to say, in the winter time no fresh air ever gets into the building. Living in homes such as this, and working ten or twelve hours a day under terrific pressure—and liable to work fourteen in rush season—the men have very little vitality left, and know no way to spend their money except in drink."

"When I had finished 'The Jungle' I went through it and cut out everything that sounded like preaching. Here is one of the paragraphs which I cut out—the best statement I can make upon this question:

"Once upon a time a great-hearted woman set forth the sufferings of the black chattel-slave and roused a continent to arms. She had many things in her favor which cannot be counted on by him who would paint the life of the modern slave—the slave of the factory, the sweatshop and the mine. The lash which drives the latter cannot either be seen

or heard; most people do not believe that it exists—it is the cant of the philanthropist and the political convention that it does not exist. This slave is never hunted by bloodhounds; he is not beaten to pieces by picturesque villains nor does he die in ecstasies of religious faith. His religion is but another snare of the oppressors, and the bitterest of his misfortunes; and the villain who murders him is merely the prevailing rate of wages. And who can thrill the reader with the tale of a man-hunt, in which the hunted is a lousy and ignorant foreigner, and the hunters are the germs of consumption, diphtheria and typhoid? Who can make a romance out of the story of a man whose one life adventure is the scratching of a finger by an infected butcher-knife, with a pine box and a pauper's grave as the denouement? And yet it may be just as painful to die of blood-poisoning as to be beaten to death; to be tracked by bloodhounds and torn to pieces is most certainly a merciful fate compared to that which falls to thousands every year in Packingtown—to be hunted for life by bitter poverty, to be ill clothed and badly housed, to be weakened by starvation, cold and exposure, to be laid low by sickness or accident—and then to lie and watch while the gaunt wolf of hunger creeps in upon you and gnaws out the heart of you, and tears up the bodies and souls of your wife and babies."

A NATION'S DEBAUCHERS

As well established and quite as necessary as the industrial "boss" is the political "boss," in the existing social system. His business is to run the political machine, not in the interest of the people, or even of any particular party, but in the interest of the private owner of the public utility, or the private controller of the social need, whose economic interest conflicts with that of the people, and who must, therefore, control the political machinery so as to obtain control of government. The political "boss" is the creature of the modern capitalist; he was spawned in, and has developed with the capitalist system, and is as necessary to that system as is the capitalist himself.

To turn out one "boss" is simply to make room for another.

"Down with the political boss!" is the cry of people who mistake the effect for the cause of their ills.

There is but one way to get rid of "boss rule" in politics, and that is by abolishing the system of private ownership which produces him and makes the few the beneficiaries of the countless iniquities visited upon the great mass of the people.

No "boss" is in politics in that capacity on his own account. The "boss" must have the "buddle." They are inseparable. Without "buddle" there is no "boss." That fact is plain.

It is also clear that the "boss" does not furnish the "buddle."

Who does?

Aye, that's the question!

Turn on the searchlight in that direction and you will be horrified by the revelation.

You will see that private interests are the enemies of the public weal; that trusts and corporations deliberately pollute the political fountain and contaminate all its national, state and municipal streams; and that the principal perpetrators of these crimes, in which the political "boss" is but a mere puppet, are representative capitalists, financiers, and promoters, most of whom are also recognized pillars of the Christian church.

These, and not their repulsive political "boss," who is simply their political walking delegate, are the real enemies of the people and debauchers of the nation's morals.

Political parties express the economic interests of those who belong to them. Men do not join parties that oppose their material interests.

Politics, therefore, is simply the reflex of economic conditions, and men are active in politics, primarily, to advance their material welfare.

The capitalist is the private owner of a public utility. The capitalist owns it, but does not use it, while the people use it and are dependent upon it, but do not own it.

Take the railroad, for illustration: the capitalist who owns it wants profit—all he can get—even on watered investments. He insists upon high fares and rates, but draws the line at accommodations. The people, on the other hand, want low rates, cheap fares and better accommodations, and when they attempt to assert their collective interests, as the people, against the private interest of the capitalist, who owns the railroad, by the introduction of ordinances in the council bills in the legislature and in congress, the work of defeating them, and of seeing to it that no friend of the people and no enemy of the corporation shall be elected, becomes the special function of

the political "boss;" and, the greater the bulk of capital in private control, the greater the necessity for the "boss," and the larger the premiums for his "indispensable" services.

What applies to the railroads applies to all other departments of wealth production and distribution.

Modern "business" has developed the modern "boss," and the evil will not be remedied by assailing the scapegoat.

The people are receiving their first lessons in the true meaning of "boss-ridden" politics. Many of them are beginning to analyze the "boss," and, as they proceed, they observe the economic origin of this political species; and, when the people at length understand the source of "boss rule," as they surely will, they will put an end to it, not by exchanging bosses, but by abolishing private property in social necessities.—E. V. Debs in "Success."

John P. Altgeld on Jails

"Jails become temples of honor when labor is wrongfully confined there; men wrongfully sent to jail become the world's heroes. It is only wrongdoing that is a disgrace. An unjust sentence only disgraces the judge who imposes it. Jails have never destroyed a just cause, and never will so long as there are men left who are worthy of freedom."

"Jeffreys filled the jails and manned the gibbets of England only to make himself infamous and the cause he persecuted immortal."

"During the railroad strike in 1894 Judge Wood went to Chicago and struck down trial by jury and the right of free speech. He sent Debs to jail without a legal trial, and thus made himself the Jeffreys of the occasion."

"But Woods is dead and Debs lives. The memory of Woods is odious to all men who toil with their hands, while Debs is respected. The hirelings who persecuted Debs when they had no case against him are going down, but organized labor is marching on."

When the jail and the dungeon shall be thrown upon the scrap pile among all the other relics of barbarism that disgraced our civilization, the names of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone will be written on those pages of history that will be consecrated to the pioneers who fought the battles for the emancipation of man. The hirelings of corporation despotism will be remembered with contempt and the politicians who attempted to pave the way to office through judicial murders, will be execrated with more imprecations than the loathsome memory of a Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold.—Salt Lake Tribune.

The Flag at Half-Mast

The flag of the miner's union block was hoisted yesterday in honor of the nation's birthday, but for some reason the emblem of liberty was not hoisted entirely to the top of the staff, probably by accident. A gentleman from Deadwood asked a well-known union man why the flag was at half-mast and was told that it was in mourning for the murdered constitution and the abducted officers of the Western Federation of Miners. Very good, indeed. The man who hoisted the flag probably intended to hoist it to the top of the staff, but it was very appropriate at this time that the supposed emblem of liberty should fly at half-mast. As long as Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are detained in the Idaho jails no member of the Western Federation can be expected to go into patriotic spasms over the stars and stripes.—Black Hills Daily Register.

Dooley's Dope

"I'm sthrong fr anny revolution that ain't goin' to happen in my day. But th' truth is, me boy, that nawthin' happens annyhow. I see great changes takin' place ivry day, but no change at all ivry fifty years. What we call this here country is ours pretinds to want to thry new experiments, but a sudden change gives it a 'chill. It's been to th' circus an' bought railroad tickets in a hurry so often that it thinks quick change is short change. When I take me mornin' walk an' see little boys and girls with their dinner pails on their arms goin' down to th' yards, I'm th' hottest socialist ye iver see. I'd be annything to stop it. I'd be a Raypublican even."—Mr. Dooley.

A man may be so religious that he will write sermons to workmen and have them appear on the "labor" page of the Sunday Inter-Ocean. He will also pocket without prayer the profits wrung in all sorts of commercial ways from the labor of those he preaches at.

"I AM A REVOLUTIONIST!"

The room was dark and the ceilings low, but everything was neat and clean; it spoke of an artistic taste without means to satisfy it. It was entirely feminine, with no traces of a man's belongings.

A corpulent and gouty looking man sat puffing and panting in a rocking chair that looked too frail to hold so much avoidence. His eyes were glittering through slits in the flesh, and rolls of fat lay over a white collar and the collar of his coat. His head was bald and shining, outvying the diamonds that gleamed in his shirt front and on his fingers. He held his shining hat in his hands. In fact everything about him shone but his intellect.

He seemed to be struggling between anger, and credulity, and his bewilderment almost overcame him. The object of his amazement stood in the center of the floor, erect, tall, slender and scornful. Her hands were white and delicate; her face denoted pride and sensitiveness, and extreme feeling. It was hardly a beautiful face, but one that once seen was not easily forgotten. It haunted one night and day, like vague memories of the past. It was a face that demanded respect and consideration. Her personality radiated intelligence and refinement, and in spite of her simple clothes, few ever treated her patronizingly. She was talking with her whole heart in her words, and every gesture harmonized with the expressions of her face, that changed rapidly as she talked.

"You, with nothing but brutal instincts, could never guess or imagine the feelings that one poor mortal could have, underneath an exterior of poverty. I am poor, for I have given everything I possess, but self-respect and life, to a class that have used and abused all that we, the oppressed, have struggled to produce. You come with your debased person and ask me to share the wealth that my poor fellow-workers have toiled for, and never got, and even given up life itself in its production, for you! You, who have the fat of twenty working-men, and the gout besides. You thought I was merely a woman, and even though I have always scorned you, though you were my master, I would gladly take your houses, your diamonds, your carriages and your own debauched self thrown in! You little thought who you were reckoning with. I have learned from the time I was born into miserable poverty, to hate such as you, and the class to which you belong. Yes, from the time I was born, without a single garment to cover my poor, little, naked body—until the present time, I have had to suffer and stifle the longings for a fuller and freer life, for the power of a wealthy ruling class stood above me, crushing me down. My parents were proud, through all their poverty, and I inherited an intense desire for all that is artistic and beautiful. But I cannot escape being a wage slave, unless I would take up a life with you. My health is gone, and in my youthful days, I can see the grim iron hand of death approaching, but I welcome it, and would not escape it, to lead a life of debauchery at your hands. No, a thousand times, no. I will work and struggle with my fellow creatures to the end. I am a revolutionist! You may start at the statement. I will answer your questions. Why had I not told you before? What would be the use to tell such as you. I can easily tell you why I am a revolutionist, though it may never reach your understanding."

A rich red color had come into her pale cheeks. He sat as one stunned by the torrents of her words. He was fascinated, hypnotized. With a flourish of her hands she went on and on.

"You thought because my parents had boasted of direct descent from nobility, that all I needed was your cursed wealth. You may think I am proud of my blue blood," and she held out her hands, and gazed at them, as she could see the blood flowing in the veins that were distinctly traceable. "I have always cursed the blood that flowed in my veins. It has been the cause of my miserable frail body not being able to hold out in the struggle, into which I was born. Along with bad blood I was given a pride that knows no subjugation of spirit—only the frail body is a slave. My earliest recollections are of inequalities I saw surrounding me, and I thought and wondered about it, until my poor little head would throb and ache. I could not understand our own wretchedness and poverty. I saw children that had plenty of everything. I ate the corn bread and molasses without complaining, but deep down in my heart I longed for better things, though I was too proud to say anything, even to my parents. When I had to go to school with my one little dress, my heart would ache because I could not have the artistic dresses that I could conjure up in my mind. I planned and planned fine

things, and fondly imagined that some day they would come true. When I grew older, I learned why they were impossible to be attained. I was needed in the slave market, to produce wealth for a master class. I did not go to Sunday school because I had no clothes fit to wear. A lady living across the street in a big white house, came to my mother and told her it was wicked to keep me away from Sunday school. My shoes were ragged and out at the toes, but this good lady found a mismatched pair of rubber overshoes, that her little girl had thrown aside, and they were pulled on over my ragged shoes. I was led away with this good lady and her little girl, who had on a lace dress over blue silk, and a beautiful pair of new shoes. It was the first time I was ever in a church, and it might have been years longer, if this philanthropic lady had not found a pair of mismatched rubbers. I tried to hide my feet under the bench, but the children saw them and giggled so the Sunday school teacher could hardly obtain their attention. Besides that, all I remember, was a lady with a very green silk dress, that was looped and gathered in the back. I did not go to Sunday school again, for years and years, and would have fought anyone that had tried to have taken me. I have never become an attendant at Sunday school or church.

"As I grew up, I had to watch with dumb sorrow, the misery of human beings and beasts. I have wept over a batch of kittens, that were too weak and starved to walk, because they had come into the world, where human beings had scarcely a crust for themselves. I have forgotten my own sorrows and rags, when I looked upon the pinched faces of little children, that were aged as soon as they were born. I feel like going raving mad when I see so much wretchedness that I am powerless to relieve, because of my own poverty and helplessness. Your feelings have become so calloused that the worst sufferings could not arouse your pity or compassion; only the destruction of poverty could bring from you any feeling of fellowship. You, like the brutal class to which you belong, look upon human life as the ancients did upon the gladiators; it adds zest to your own living to see others die like sheep in a slaughter pen.

"As individuals, we are helpless and at the mercy of you and your class, but in our united strength, and combined efforts of a wronged and oppressed class, we will right the wrongs of the centuries that are looked-down upon us; we will restore the disinherited of the earth back again to their possessions. In the mills of the capitalist gods, my poor young life has been slowly ground out; my days are few and numbered, but I think I shall live to see the day when your flesh is reduced with honest toil, if you do not die with the gout before that time comes. I will be past saving, for it will then be too late, but I shall die happy because my fellow-workers can breathe the free and vital air of emancipated wage-slaves.

"You have your answer, now; go back to your vice and debauchery, where with your wealth and power, you compel my sister workers to give up all honor and virtue, at your command. Take with you the fact that I would kill you and myself, before I would accede to any offer that you might make, for it is beyond your power to make an offer that is honorable. Your wealth is stolen; it is the life blood of many workers, and your own polluted body would not be worthy of the soap vats. Your charity would be vitriol, your pity a double-edged sword, and your sympathy an incurable cancer. Go before the earth opens and swallows you, before the skies split and the lightnings kill you," and she pointed towards the door with the majesty of a thousand outraged queens.

He placed the shining hat upon his head, and slowly and painfully got up on his feet and shambled towards the door, his patent leather shoes scraping gently up on the threadbare carpet; gently because he could not lift them from the floor. As he opened the door, he turned and sputtered, "I think you are a very dangerous person, and ought not to be allowed outside of the madhouse; it is such persons as you that are upsetting all law and order in our civilization today. If you were not crazy, you would jump at a chance to change this room, for the best that money could buy, and be contented and happy. Instead of that you hug to your poverty, as if it was the dearest thing on earth."

She took a step forward. "It is not my poverty I hug close to, for I hate it! But poverty, such as it is, is far better than to lose all my honor and self-respect, and give off the wealth that has been stolen from my class. Now take your rotten bulk to the vultures, or elsewhere."

As he went down the narrow stairs, they staggered and groaned under his weight, like the poor

working men that he daily robbed of their wealth, health and life itself.

"Fools, fools!" he muttered, "what is civilization coming to, that such beings are allowed to live, as that crazy girl." The last step gave the loudest groan, and panting and puffing, he was driven away.

HUNGER AND COLD

By James Russell Lowell
Sisters two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue;
To the poor man you've been true
From old;
You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirred,
Hunger and cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporize;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes
Grim and bold;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too honest to be bought,
Hunger and cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door;
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontrolled;
You had never yet, I guess
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court dress,
Hunger and cold!

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
Fashion strolled,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes thru' the windows peer;
Little dream that you are near,
Hunger and cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He reckes not much a bloody smutch,
On his gold;
Everything to you defers,
You are potent reasoners—
At your whisper Treason stirs,
Hunger and cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
Cannot hold;
You're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied;
Somehow God is on your side,
Hunger and cold!

You respect no hoary wrong,
More for having triumphed long;
Its past victims, haggard throng,
From the mold
You unbury; swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than our silent years,
Hunger and cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower;
Thru' the window you will glower,
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled;
Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
Guiltless blood may chance be shed,
But ye must and will be fed,
Hunger and cold!

God has plans man must not spoil,
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told;
Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hopes and love and peace
Framed your hideous lusts to please,
Hunger and cold!

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth! and be thy pity led
To love's fold;
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,
Hunger and cold!

An arsenal of facts and arguments on Industrial Unionism, is the report of the 1905 convention. Price, postpaid, \$1.50. W. E. Trautmann, 148 W. Madison street, Chicago.

A NEW THEORY AND AN OLD STORY

BY J. C. BORTHOPE

"Yes, he is certainly fine looking, but then, other men are as fine looking if not quite so conceited; just see how he holds his head up, one would think that he really was somebody. Verily, it is a truism that 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.'"

Winifred Sanderson was in a very unpleasant frame of mind, and so the innocent cause of her displeasure was very fortunate not to have heard her criticism of his manner of carrying his head.

"Why, Winifred how unjust of you to speak in such a manner of a man who has never done you the slightest injury, and who has rendered the most valuable services to society by his acts of bravery, and he has never been known to boast, now, has he?" said her companion, the belle of her rather exclusive set, and the daughter of Mr. Hiram Blaisdell, the wealthy novelty manufacturer.

"Why, Bertha Blaisdell! How can you sit there and defend that man, when you know as well as I do, that he is a socialist of the most radical character. Why, just think of the bitter way he assailed the rich, and ridiculed the charity ball, and—and—why, it was just scandalous! And to think of the things he said!"

"Yes, Winnie, I was in the hall, and heard the speech, and denunciation, and the ridicule, and the explanation of the class struggle, and I went home that night and meditated, and came to the conclusion that he was right, and that our present form of society is unjust and when I hear father conversing with some of his business-associates about the labor market, and the labor outlook, the fact comes home to me that there is certainly a class struggle, and I feel like a thief when I walk along the street and see the poverty of the majority of the people and I realize how hard they have to toil and struggle for a mere existence. Just think if you can, Winnie, of the state of the very people who build these very automobiles that we are riding at this very moment, how much do they enjoy the fruits of their own labor?"

"Why, Bertha, I really believe that you are a socialist yourself. What would people say if they heard it?"

"It doesn't matter what they would say, if you mean the people in so-called society. I am not at all worried about their opinions."

These two girls of the upper ten were speeding along the "River Drive" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in Mr. Blaisdell's brand new car. Miss Blaisdell was a fairly expert chauffeur, and took great delight in speeding over the smooth roads of the park, and occasionally a little faster than the law allowed.

The HE, that they were talking about was a young man of about thirty-four years of age and a park guard. He rode a fine mettlesome gray horse, and had some daring rescues to his credit in the short time that he had been a member of the park guard. His horse was the fleetest of the park force, which was saying a great deal. His name was George Hunter, and he had lately come into rather unenviable prominence by distinguishing himself as a socialist agitator, thus in no small way endangering his position as a city employee.

George Hunter had on more than one occasion glanced longingly at the handsome car containing the two girls, and on certain other occasions he had deliberately neglected his duty by failing to notice that the machine was making just a trifle more than seven miles an hour. But there is no record that the public suffered any by the neglect.

"Well," said Hunter to himself, as the machine containing the two girls passed

from his view, around a curve in the road, "it is certainly tough lines, to be a proletarian and be despised by the only woman in the world that I could love. Why did she come and talk to me when she knows that we are separated by a barrier that will never be removed till this cursed system is wiped out of existence? This system which makes one small class of people princes and another and far greater class paupers. But then, it is all my own fault that I allowed her to enter my mind the way I did, for she never hinted at anything but the most commonplace, and she probably looks upon me as a mere servant of the upper ten because I happen to wear this badge of serfdom, called a uniform. Ah, that is the galling part of it. If she were only—but pshaw! I'll get out of this place, I cannot bear to stay around and see her, and know that she only talks to me occasionally to satisfy some whim of an idle brain. And I am one of those great free Americans; one of the sovereign voters, what rot! And I dare not speak of anything but the weather to the woman I love, or I will be 'without visible means of support.' Is it any wonder that I am a socialist? Sometimes I feel that I want to be an anarchist! It's maddening!"

Bertha Blaisdell was out early one morning for a spin along the drive, for she loved the morning air, and then she rather liked to hear Mr. Hunter, the park guard, talk, he had such a musical voice. And that was not all, she told herself that she was interested in socialism, and she thought that she might some time in the course of their little chats draw something on the subject from him, but she told herself that he was rather cold and distant. That he belonged to an entirely different class in society, made no difference to her, because she was honest with herself and she had never as yet felt the lash of the higher class' displeasure, and she could not realize the feelings of one in the lower walks of life.

She did not find Hunter in his accustomed place so went on up the road at a lively clip. On passing a lane in the park she saw Hunter come out into the road just behind her machine; she thought to slow down the car and have a little talk with him, and actually asked him to tell her something about socialism. In grasping the lever to slacken the speed of the machine she was horrified to feel it break in her hands. The machine suddenly leaped forward and began to race up the road at full speed. Bertha gave a frightened scream and reached for the emergency lever, but to her horror it would not work, and all she could do was to manage the steering gear the best she could and trust to luck till the gasoline gave out.

As she made a slight curve in the road her heart sank within her. She had never been as far as this on this road before, and there perhaps a quarter of a mile up the road was a stone wall at least three feet high. Suddenly she heard the beat of horses' hoofs behind her and she knew that some one of the park guards was trying to overtake her. Did he know her plight, or was he pursuing her because he thought she was deliberately breaking the law, by driving her machine at such a tremendous speed? She dare not look back, for she was making tremendous speed and the slightest deflection of the steering lever meant instant destruction. The horseman was gaining now, she could hear the beat of the horse's hoofs on the hard road louder and louder every second, but the wall seemed to be coming toward her at a terrific rate of speed. A panic seized to seize her, a wild desire to jump from the car took possession of her; she raised herself from the seat and the machine swerved to the side of the road and she narrowly escaped being thrown from the machine. The wall was not more than a hundred yards ahead of her now, and she uttered a wild despairing cry as she saw her peril. Suddenly she heard a commanding voice just behind her say—

"Keep to the car and go straight ahead!"

It was Hunter's voice and she obeyed, although she thought she saw nothing but death ahead.

The horse was beside the machine now, but not near enough to allow the rider to do anything to help the girl. She could see the foaming mouth of the horse and the blood-shot eyes, and she could hear the labored breathing of the faithful animal, as he strained every nerve and every muscle to put his rider alongside the machine.

Would he do it? He was gaining ever so slowly, and the wall was coming ever nearer, and nearer. Only ten feet now; the rider was beside the car and was leaning from the saddle, but he could not reach her. Nearer and nearer they came to the wall. The horse's feet were fairly flying and close up to the machine, the rider leaned further out and tried to grasp the girl, but failed.

"My God! You are lost!" he shouted. Jump! for God's sake jump!"

Bertha gave a despairing cry and leaped from the flying car and instinctively she jumped into the direction of the horseman. At that instant there was a crash, and a roaring sound filled her ears and she knew no more.

Hunter made a quick movement with his left hand, his horse galloped himself for a spring, and then went over the wall, but did not land safely, but fell with the rider beneath him. Hunter crawled painfully from the horse as he rolled over and grasped the bridle, but the horse had made his last jump, his

neck was broken. But he had saved another life, for when Hunter went over the wall he had managed to grasp Bertha from the machine, and carry her over the wall with him. He was nearly heart broken by the death of his horse but the immovable barrier was removed and two loving hearts were forever united.

MEETING NOTICES

Industrial Council of Chicago meets every first and third Thursday of the month at 155 East Randolph Street, at 8 o'clock. All Industrial Unions, not affiliated with Council are requested to send delegates. For further information apply to Hugo A. Huehle, 667 W. Adams Street, Recording Secretary.

Boston Industrial Workers of the World meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month at Socialist Labor Party's headquarters, 1165 Tremont Street, Room 1. F. J. Boyle, Secretary.

Greater Boston Machinists' Union 56, Industrial Workers of the World, meets on the fourth Friday of the month, 8 p. m., at Unity Hall, 724 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Metal and Machinery Department

DIRECTORY OF LOCALS

- No. 1, Chicago, Ill.—Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings, at No. 105 E. Randolph St. Hugo A. Huehle, Recording Secretary.
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- No. 26, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the first Saturday and third Thursday evening, at Industrial Workers of the World Hall, State St. John Cole, Recording Secretary.
- No. 28, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the fourth Thursday evening of each month at Industrial Workers of the World Hall, State St. M. J. Coffey, Recording Secretary.
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- No. 49, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the second Wednesday of each month, at Industrial Council Rooms. E. Neumyer, Recording Secretary.
- No. 50, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the first and third Friday, at Donahue Building. Benjamin T. Weber, Recording Secretary.
- No. 51, Rochester, N. Y.—Meets every other Wednesday, at Painter's Hall, No. 42 Exchange St. A. Mettler, Recording Secretary.
- No. 53, Toronto, Canada.—Meets the 25th of June, and every alternate Wednesday of each month, at No. 185 1/2 Queen St. West. John Shanley, Recording Secretary.
- No. 55, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the third Tuesday of each month, at No. 246 State St. Ruben W. Neff, Recording Secretary.
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- No. 60, Paterson, N. J.—Meets the second and fourth Friday, at No. 100 Market street, Druids Hall. Wm. Sheridan, Recording Secretary.
- No. 64, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Meets every Saturday of each month, at Gold's Hall. Chas. A. New, Recording Secretary.
- No. 67, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the first Monday evening and the third Saturday afternoon, at Industrial Workers of the World Hall, No. 246 State St. F. W. Hamberg, Recording Secretary.
- No. 68, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the second and fourth Monday, at No. 530 State St. Chas. Klingner, Recording Secretary.
- No. 70, Schenectady, N. Y.—Meets the first and third Thursday, at Industrial Workers of the World Hall, State St. John Whitebeck, Recording Secretary.

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DEFENSE FUND

Contributions Received Since Our Last Report, Up to July 25.

Painters and Decorators, No. 84, Pittsburg	5.00
Journeymen Stonecutters, Victoria, B. C.	10.00
John Daly, Salinas, Mont.	0.50
Collection, Nora B. Spear, Grand Junction, Colo.	3.00
Ther. Jung, Evansville, Ind.	6.25
Iron Molders' Union, No. 271, Kokomo, Ind.	0.50
Walter Goss, Belleville, Ill.	3.50
Arbeiter K. & S. Branch 127	10.50
Arbeiter K. & S. Br. 18	5.00
Carpenters and Builders, No. 1021	10.00
Railway Carmen, Lodge 87	3.25
Eccentric Engineers, No. 120, Industrial Workers of the World	50.00
A. L. Zimmermann, List 43	1.55
B. Brooker, New York	.80
Wade Shurtleff, Lists 523 and 00831	8.75
Coppers' International, No. 173	19.00
Arbeiter K. & S. Branch 39	25.00
Operative Pottery, No. 50	20.00
Otto M. Hansen, McCabe, Ill.	1.00
Journeymen Stonecutters, Atlanta, Ga.	2.50
Louis Nagy, collection among Hungarians	7.00
K. Reynolds, Binghamton, N. Y., List 0022	2.50
German Engineers, No. 119	15.05
Carpenters and Joiners, No. 200	1.75
Carpenters and Joiners, No. 380	10.00
John Auebach, Reading, Pa.	1.50
John Lindgren, Brooklyn, N. Y., List 941	4.30
Brewery Workers, No. 21	34.00
Wade Shurtleff, List 51	1.50
Arbeiter K. & S. Br. 67	15.85
Railway Carmen, Lodge 301	2.00
Back, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers, No. 52	44.25
Iron Molders, No. 180	14.20
Daniel Sutter, McKeesport, Pa., List 1283	9.00
Operative Pottery, No. 11	50.00
Ice Wagon Drivers and Helpers, No. 702, List 1783	10.25
C. Y. Hyland, New York, Lists 901 and 1507	14.20
J. G. Durbach, Schenectady, N. Y., Lists 2045, 2046 and 2047	2.00
Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers, No. 54	5.50
L. A. Hall, L. U. No. 30, M. & M. Dept.	1.00
A. M. Kinney, Seneca, Kan.	25.00
Arbeiter Mobiliar, Feuer, Versicherungs-Harry Keller, Niagara Falls, N. Y.	1.50
Railroad Telegraphers, Division 44	1.00
Jas. Wogan, Pueblo, Col.	8.00
Scandinavian Socialist Club, Chicago and 1210	6.00
H. Frahm, Member at large	1.00
Carpenters and Joiners, No. 71	1.00
International Ass'n of Car Workers, Lodge 109	5.25

METHOD OF ORGANIZATION.

The general constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World provides for thirteen International Industrial Departments, "subdivided in industrial unions of closely kindred industries." Provision is also made for Local Unions.

A local union of the Industrial Workers of the World is directly subordinate to the General Executive Board, by whom its constitution must be approved.

Ten men wishing to form a local union may do so upon application to the headquarters and remitting \$10.00, which is the fee for a charter and full set of supplies.

Any agreement entered into between the members of a local union and their employer, to be valid and binding, must be approved by the General Executive Board.

Local unions chartered by the general administration shall pay 35 cents per member per month, together with such assessments as are provided for by the constitution.

Members at large on moving within the jurisdiction of a local union must transfer their membership from the union at large to the local union.

Of the 35 cents per month paid by members of local unions direct to headquarters, 5 cents is placed in the "Defense Fund," and 30 cents in the "General Fund."

The constitution provides for one universal label for the entire organization.

All local unions must procure supplies, such as membership books, official buttons, labels, badges and stamps from the General Secretary-Treasurer.

Between all local unions and other organizations of the Industrial Workers of the World there shall be a free interchange of cards, and a paid-up membership card shall be accepted in lieu of initiation fee by all bodies subordinate to the general organization.

Where there are ten local unions with not less than 5,000 members in any one industry, the General Executive Board is empowered to call a convention of that industry and proceed to organize them as an International Industrial Department of the Industrial Workers of the World.

The foregoing gives a general outline of the functions of a local union and the method of organizing the same. Any additional information will be promptly supplied on application to the General Secretary.

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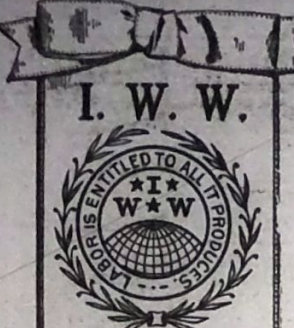
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Between these two classes a struggle must go on until all the toilers come together on the political as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor, through an economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands make the trades union unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class, because the trades unions foster a state of things which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These sad conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.